

Sports

AUGUST 13, 1962

25 CENTS

Illustrated

**CHAMPIONSHIP
IN THE SKY**

AMERICA'S DICK FORTENBERRY

F FORTENBERRY

U. S. ARMY
PARACHUTIST



The Crew-Saders

A surprise to the man who thinks socks are just socks. That's the "Crew-Sader"™ by Interwoven. Your feet float in the cushioned softness of hi-bulk Orlon® acrylic and nylon. And the "Crew-Sader" really stays up — even countless

washings won't change its shape or expensive feel. Perfect for town or country. The "Crew-Sader" stretch sock (one size fits all) — another reason why more and more men are buying more Interwoven socks every day. \$1.50 pair.

Interwoven®
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS



IT'S A 
TAYLOR
 WINE...



Vineyard-rich, ruby-red Taylor New York State Burgundy adds glamour and glory to the moment . . . and to the menu, whether you're sipping out under the sycamores . . . or by soft candlelight. For family meals, entertaining, or when you dine out, choose from Taylor's famous array of wines. Ask your wine merchant for helpful Taylor booklets.

AND YOU'LL
LOVE IT!



The touch of ski excitement in
sportswear...for everywhere!

Sunstate steps you into the fashion excitement of the new ski look with SKI-V-STYLED wear-everywhere slacks. Ski-slim silhouette comes from narrow hipline with tapered legs, expandable, beltless waistband, cut-in front pockets, hip pockets concealed at waistband. Ski-smart neatness stays, thanks to the wrinkle-defiant wash 'n wear *Vycron polyester and cotton gabardine*. Fabric performance certified by United States Testing Company. In winter beige, evergreen, black, 27-36. Also with regular belt-loop waistband in 28-42. About \$8.95. At fine stores everywhere. For store nearest you, write Sunstate Slacks, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.

BEAUNIT FIBERS, Division of Beaunit Corporation, 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y. Vycron is the registered trademark for Beaunit's polyester fiber.

Contents

AUGUST 13, 1962 Volume 17, Number 7

Cover photograph by Richard Meier

12 Ingemar Forecasts the Big Fight

After seeing movies of Listeria in action, the ex-champion changed his mind about the heavyweight title bout

16 Vim and Vigah on the Frontier

The President has called for vigor, and New Frontiersmen are huffing and puffing in the quest for fitness

22 Worst Baseball Team Ever

The New York Mets will become the laziest team in history unless they change their ways quickly

26 Strike—or Miss

A nosy camera finds out what goes on when a well-aimed bowling ball catches the pins just right

30 The Whole Town's Jumping

The Orange, Mass., sky is filled with parachutists as the U.S. team practices for the world championship

36 Les Catcheurs

In France, professional wrestling is called le catch; that it has caught on is shown in flamboyant color

42 A Century of Honesty

Amos Alonzo Stagg approaches his 100th birthday, his career a monument to uncompromising idealism

46 All in Love with Leather

First pictures from Paris show a happy trend in sportswear and new emphases on the calotte

54 Happy Master of Hog Heaven

Tammy Bole, who has been throwing golf clubs and temper tantrums for years, advises everybody to r-e-l-a-x

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 8 Scorecard | 46 Sporting Look |
| 41 Horse Racing | 60 For the Record |
| 42 Football | 62 Baseball's Week |
| 45 Bridge | 63 19th Hole |



STORMS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue a year red. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$8.75 a year. This issue published in a national edition only.

Acknowledgments on page 60

Next week

OWD OLYMPIAN, once called "the nicest man in baseball," has settled down and, incidentally, put himself within range of 30 wins for the Los Angeles Dodgers. Huston Horn reports.

BACK-TO-CAMPUS LOOK for college men takes its inspiration from the functional duffle coats and pea jackets and the spit and polish of the Army, Navy and the Marines.

HAWAII'S OUTER ISLANDS are the setting for a pig hunt, a goat watch, some perplexed antelopes, pupae eating and other random discoveries and reflections. By Gilbert Rogin.

Our home town

MILWAUKEE
CITY LIMITS
POP. 741,324

-and how it got into our slogan

As far as we know, "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous" is the only well-known slogan that features the advertiser's home town.

It's been appearing in Schlitz advertising since shortly after Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern and started the Chicago fire.

As a matter of fact, that's really how the slogan began.

After the great fire Chicago was desperately short of water. Whether moved by charity or enterprise, the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. of Milwaukee, at that time a small but rising city, sent a ship loaded with beer to its parched southern neighbor.

The thirsty citizens of Chicago fell upon the Schlitz with understandable pleasure. The fire cooled and the water supply was restored, but as Chicago began to rebuild, people remembered that wonderful beer from Milwaukee, talked about it, and wondered where they could get more.

Schlitz had literally made Milwaukee beer famous far outside the city limits of

Milwaukee. This made it but a small step to "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous" and people who were unabashedly proud of their beer did not hesitate to claim it. The slogan has been a familiar part of Schlitz advertising ever since.

Today, when we look at our home town with its 741,324 (1,194,290 if you include the entire metropolitan area) wonderful, warmhearted people, its many important factories, its deep water harbor, its music, its art, and its world-renowned restaurants, we wonder if the slogan isn't taking in a little too much territory.

We don't like to brag, and we know that if Milwaukee is famous, it took a great deal more than Schlitz to make it so. But then we taste the beer and decide to keep the slogan a little while longer.

P. S. Schlitz has grown with the country and today is brewed in Brooklyn, Los Angeles, Kansas City and Tampa as well as in Milwaukee. But, wherever we brew it, it comes out exactly the same good beer that we brew for you in our own home town.



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



Bart Starr puts grease on his face...

Blackened grease under each eye cuts down glare, helps Green Bay's top-notch quarterback find his man with a sizzling pass. But when Bart Starr looks for a hair tonic—no greasy kid-stuff for him. He goes for Vitalis® with V-7®, the remarkable new greaseless grooming discovery. Vitalis does



but never on his hair! (Vitalis keeps his hair neat all day without grease)

everything you want a hair tonic to do. It fights embarrassing dandruff, prevents dryness, and best of all, keeps your hair neat all day without grease. Try the Vitalis "60-Second Workout." Your scalp will feel great, your hair will look great. Get Vitalis with V-7 today!

MADE IN THE U.S.A. PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS



SCORECARD

FARE NEW YORK

The U.S. Travel Service has been laboring tactfully for months to induce foreign tourists to visit the United States. It has prevailed upon Customs and Immigration to make entry into the country easier and more pleasant. It has encouraged lower fares. It has persuaded cities and resorts to offer special attractions for the foreign tourists.

Last week, largely as a result of U.S. Travel Service efforts, the British liner *Camberra* eased into New York harbor bearing 1,680 Englishmen, most of them economy-minded citizens from the solid middle class. The passengers used the ship as a hotel for the three days they were in New York. Everything was fine, even splendid, except that the U.S. Travel Service forgot to reckon with those lovable ambassadors of good will, the New York taxi drivers. New York cabs are metered, and the fare on the meter is the fare for the trip, whether there is one passenger or five. But when five Englishmen shared the same taxi some of those jolly old cabbies, who may not be hrdwatchers but who know pigeons when they see them, charged each passenger the full fare shown on the meter. Well, the tourists came to see New York and, brother, that's New York.

ONCE AGAIN FOR TV

Television has been demanding, and getting, more and more control over the sports it turns its cameras on, so perhaps what happened two weeks ago was inevitable—a TV director overruled the referee of a league event. The place was Baltimore; the sport, box lacrosse, a hybrid game that crosses hockey's walls and basketball's maneuvers with field lacrosse. In a televised contest on the TV station's own field, a team from Washington D.C. played to a tie with Mount Washington, the national club champions of field lacrosse. This called for a sudden-death overtime—but first, a word from our sponsor. The unthinking referees somehow missed their cues and put the ball into play—and Mount Washington threw in the winning goal—

before the commercial was completed.

The Mount players congratulated each other and headed for their cars, followed by suddenly live cameras and anguished TV officials, who demanded a replay for the TV fans. The station pointed out it had formed the box lacrosse league, with TV in mind. The Mounts protested; after all, they said, they had been taught this quaint old rule about the referees' being in charge on the field. But they played another overtime, and won a second time. "I wonder about this," said Mount Washington's Frank Ruggs, a former football captain at the University of North Carolina. "We won again, sure, but it's not much of a game when you have to win it more than once."

Could this happen in a major sport? Well, at the All-Star football game last Friday the public address announcer said: "Hadl will punt for the All-Stars, immediately after the commercial."

CINDERB INTO GOLD

Track and field fans have been jarred the past year or so by the consequences of football's long and moneyed reach.

Glenn Davis, Olympic 400-meter hurdles champion and one of the most exciting competitors ever to appear on a track, signed with the Detroit Lions. Ray Norton, another Olympian and our national sprint champion two years ago, is playing with the San Francisco 49ers. Frank Budd, holder of the world's record in the 100-yard dash and the latest "world's fastest human," has become a Philadelphia Eagle. Now Jerry Tarr, the best high hurdler in the world and a waterbook favorite for the 1984 Olympics, has joined the Denver Broncos.

Tarr's signing brought sharp criticism from his college coach. Bill Bowerman of the University of Oregon—criticism that was directed at neither Tarr nor the Denver Broncos but at the Amateur Athletic Union. Bowerman said the AAU did not give its amateur athletes sufficient expense money to keep them amateur; that Tarr had to sign a professional contract out of sheer financial necessity.

If the AAU would raise its expense ante from a paltry \$2 a day, he said, we would have runners like Tarr available for the 1984 Olympics. The AAU replied that if it paid amateur athletes the \$20 a day above basic expenses that Bowerman indicated it should, it would be professionalizing the athletes and making them ineligible for the Olympics anyway.

It is an old problem, made sharper by the current feud between college track coaches like Bowerman and the AAU. Actually, that feud is purely a fight for jurisdictional control and has little to do with the money question. Track and field is a semiprofessional sport; there's not enough money in it to support a professional case, there's too much money in it to expect top amateurs to compete year after year solely for the love of the sport. After the feud is over that problem will remain.

FREUD FAN

Solid books on the sporting life are hard to come by, most books by sportswriters being slapdash affairs with a minimum of depth. Now comes a cultural anthropologist from Stanford—and a woman at that—with a fine work on gambling. *Heads I Win Tails You Lose* (The Macmillan Company, \$4.50). Some of what Author Charlotte Olmsted writes is far out—she is a fan of Freud—but much



of it is fascinating. She examines, for example, the deck of cards ("The face cards represent the old European family system of father, mother and eldest son or heir; our pack is very good at playing out family role conflicts and is often so used"), bridge ("a game that appeals to highly conventional people who wish to enhance or increase their social status"); poker ("The poker player is not quite as secure in his self-esteem as the

bridge player"), and horse racing ("appeals to the social isolate").

The most valuable chapters deal with the problem of the compulsive gambler (like the alcoholic, he best responds to informal group therapy, e.g., Gamblers Anonymous) and gambling as a so-called social evil. Gambling, Miss Olmstead contends, is an outlet for psychological and social stress. To stop it without either solving the cause of stress or providing an alternative "will solve absolutely nothing."

She's right, of course, but 3 to 1 she wouldn't get anywhere with the McClellan Committee.

ZING

The Dallas Texans of the American Football League struggle harder than most AFL teams, all of whom struggle pretty hard, because the Texans have to fight the Dallas Cowboys of the National Football League for home patronage. For this reason the Texans not only have an advertising agency, they have an advertising campaign—complete with theme. The theme is zing.

Zing.

Zing-ing.

Well, never mind. Anyway, the ad agency sent out a zingy mailer recently, designed to sell lots of tickets to this year's home games. The mailer included a schedule. But it was last year's schedule.

Book.

RACING LOSES CARTY BURKE

When they legalized horse betting in California in 1933, the skepticism among most local citizens was as thick as an iguana's hide. Thoroughbreds had once been a big industry in California, but the gamblers had contaminated racing there. The horsemen who revived it in 1933 were determined to keep it as unsuspicious as Caesar's wife. Hence, the man they backed to head the state racing board was Carleton F. Burke. His immense integrity was what Western racing needed to regain public confidence.

Carty Burke was to horses in California about what Winston Churchill was to politics in Britain. He grew up with horses at The Thacher School, then at an experimental prep school in the Ohio Valley where every boy had to care for his own horse. He used to tell of riding the 60 miles home to Los Angeles at vacation time—across the sand-swept desert of the San Fernando Valley, now a mountain-to-mountain carpet of homes

continued

"PALMER? MY NAME'S FAULKNER..."



WENDELL FAULKNER



ARNOLD PALMER

Wendell Faulkner of Pecos, Texas looks like Arnold Palmer of Latrobe, Pa. This is proving to be a great inconvenience to Faulkner. Recently, for example, he was in Fort Worth while the Colonial National Invitation was being played. A friend of his at the club asked him to come out and say hello to Palmer.

"Sure," said Faulkner, "I'd like to meet him."

So he walked out of the Loring Hotel, got in a cab and said, "Colonial Country Club, please."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Palmer," the driver said.

"I'm not Mr. Palmer," Faulkner said. "I'm Wendell Faulkner from Pecos, Texas."

The driver turned and looked at him. "What are you, traveling incognito?"

Faulkner didn't argue. As the cab neared the club the traffic became thicker and thicker, until Faulkner finally decided the trip wasn't worth the effort.

"Driver," he said, "let's go back to the hotel. It's just too hot today."

"What?" the driver demanded.

"Let's go back to the hotel," Faulkner said, just a bit testily.

"This is ridiculous," the driver said. "There's 15,000 people out here to see you play, and you're going to disappoint them just because it's a little hot?"

"Back to the hotel," said Faulkner, and that's where they went.

Faulkner's troubles started a few years ago, he says, "just after Palmer had been on a Sunday TV golf show. I got off a plane in Dallas, and two teenagers asked for my autograph. 'You don't want an autograph,' I told them. 'Aren't you Arnold Palmer?' they said. I laughed and told them I wasn't. They apologized

and that was all there was to it. That time. But a few weeks later I was in Dallas again, when Palmer was there for an exhibition. I went into a barber shop. There were a lot of people waiting. But as soon as a chair was vacant, the owner came over and ushered me to it. I thought the other customers were waiting for their favorite barbers, so I went ahead and sat down. A few minutes later I heard the owner whispering to another barber, 'That's Arnold Palmer.' I figured it was safest to just keep my mouth shut. When I left I gave him a pretty good tip. I didn't want him to think Arnold Palmer was a cheap skate."

"One morning I took a taxi to an airport and I was trying to read the paper on the way. The driver kept talking about how many famous people he had had in his cab. I nodded and grunted once in a while. Finally the driver got sore and said, 'I even had Roy Rogers in here once and he didn't mind telling me who he was.' I told him I was just Wendell Faulkner from Pecos, Texas. He never did believe me."

Faulkner once stopped at a motel in Midland, Texas during a pro-am tourney. As he walked up to register a friend called him aside. When he went back to the desk the clerk said, "I've already signed you in, Mr. Palmer." Palmer wasn't even playing there.

Faulkner, who is a few years older than Palmer and almost precisely the same build, dislikes golf and is beginning to get annoyed by having a celebrity's problems. He doesn't enjoy being stared at in restaurants and is tired of autograph hunters. But most of all, he is sick of saying, "No, I'm Wendell Faulkner from Pecos, Texas."

No wonder the English keep so cool!

*(mix Gordon's Gin in a tall,
iced drink—and you will, too!)*

The English are not easily fazed, even by summer heat. This national talent was given a cheerful accompaniment in 1769, when Alexander Gordon introduced his remarkable gin. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to his original formula, because one does not tamper with gin of such distinctive dryness and flavour. Try it soon in a tangy Gin & Tonic or Tom Collins. You'll see why Gordon's is England's biggest seller. Not to mention America's and the world's.



* 100% NATURAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 50 PROOF GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD. LONDON W. 2. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

SCORECARD

and shopping centers. Before World War I, and for nearly 20 years after it, he was a dominant figure in high-goal polo throughout the West.

During the long racing drought in California he continued breeding Thoroughbreds at his ranch in Hidden Valley, although he had to ship his horses east to Chicago and New York to find races for them. He made an annual custom of spending the month of August attending the races in Saratoga Springs.

Last week Carleton Burke, aged 79, was trainloading east again to Saratoga. The train was only 20 hours out of Los Angeles when he suffered a fatal heart attack. His life was a monument to all horsemen.

FOLISH BUSINESS

After weeks of relentless blundering by all parties, efforts which might have brought order into professional basketball added up to this:

- NBA officials made asses of themselves by announcing completion of a deal for Cleveland and Jerry Lucas to join the league when such a deal was nowhere near consummation.
- Cleveland's George Steinbrenner made an ass of himself by apparently agreeing to conditions for joining the NBA which he did not fulfill.
- The ABA's Abe Saperstein made an ass of himself by changing his mind about important details in the midst of negotiations and going abroad while they were in progress.
- Pro basketball's best prospect and biggest potential attraction in years—Jerry Lucas—may have no place to play.

Is it possible that the affairs of a major sport could be worse handled?

THEY SAID IT

- Archie Moore, who may meet fist-talking Cassius Clay in a heavyweight bout: "I can be found for the next couple of months trying to perfect my new punch—the lip-butticker."
- Jim Piersall, tossing darts at the deflating Cleveland Indians: "Wonder who they are blaming now for not winning? They traded away me, Vic Power and Johnny Temple. We were supposed to be all their troublemakers."
- Orsola Jackie Brandt, after Manager Billy Hitchcock told him to hustle more: "When you bust a gut and make things look easy, it's hard to do the same things and make them look difficult."

END



When in rain, do as the Romans do.

Pirelli tires are famous for a lot of things, but especially for road holding in wet weather.

The secret is a unique combination of tread pattern, ply construction and meticulous engineering.

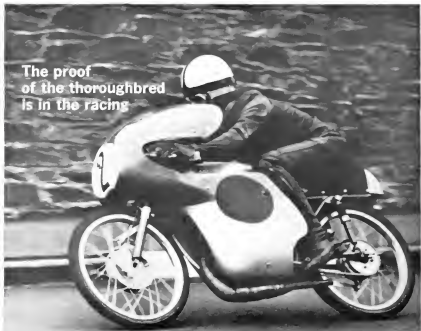
Ask anyone who knows a thing or two about sports cars what Pirellis can do for the handling and stability of any automobile. Particularly the new breed of leaner, lightweight fun cars. Or better yet, find out for yourself.

Pirelli tires start as low as \$13.* Pretty amazing, when you consider they come all the way from Italy.

FOR INFORMATION WRITE: PIRELLI, DEPT. 55, 60 E. WILSON ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS. 53211



**The proof
of the thoroughbred
is in the racing**



Like horses, the superiority of motorcycles is tested on the race track, and international competition does much to improve the breed. The world's most famous motorcycle derby is held every year on the Isle of Man, off the coast of England. This year for the first time, 50 c.c. motorcycle breeders had a chance to show off and race-test the pedigree of their products.

Competing against 32 cycles in the most exciting race of the derby, Suzuki Motor Co.'s 50 c.c. entry crossed the finish line first amid thunderous applause. The winner's average speed was 75.12 mph for the grueling 75 1/2-mile course. Suzuki also won the manufacturers' team prize by taking fifth and sixth place as well.*



So precision-engineered was the winning disc-valved, two-stroke machine that it finished the race in practically showroom condition. It is such successful motorcycle breeding as this that has made Suzuki the world's largest manufacturer of 2-stroke motorcycles. Every Suzuki motorcycle embodies the same careful engineering skill that was demonstrated in the triumph on the Isle of Man, to see one—and ride one—at your local dealer.

SUZUKI 50MC

SUZUKI 250TC



* A last minute report from Holland indicates that Suzuki also won first place in the 50 c.c. event of the Dutch Grand Prix races.

World's largest manufacturer of 2-stroke motorcycles

SUZUKI MOTOR CO., LTD.

Head Office: 300 Takatsuka, near Hamanaka, Japan. Tokyo Office: 1-5-chome, Shiba-Shinbeshi, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan.



AS HE STUDIES FILMS, JOHANSSON'S FACE REFLECTS

INGEMAR SAYS:

Johansson fought Patterson three times but had never seen Liston until he watched some movies of Sonny's fights in Geneva last week. They made him change his mind about the coming title match

by MARTIN KANE

When Ingemar Johansson sat down one day last week before a movie screen in the conference room of the Hotel President in Geneva, Switzerland, he never had seen Sonny Liston fight—in the flesh, in movies or on television. He had a firm opinion about him, though. He had heard what a cold-hearted killer Liston is in the ring, about his massive fists, his skull-jarring jab and the chilling power of his straight right hand. As a virtuoso of the straight right hand, which won him the heavyweight championship of the world and all but won it for him a second time, Ingemar was impressed by these reports, many of them from experts whose opinions he respects. At the moment of sitting down he was willing—with Liston still unseen—to say he believed that Liston would take the heavyweight title from Floyd Patterson when they meet in Chicago on the night of Sep-



ACTION ON SCREEN THAT LED HIM TO ADMIRE LISTON'S "LONG AND STRONG JAB" BUT ALSO TO NOTE SONNY'S VULNERABILITY

'LISTON IS TOO SLOW'

tember 25. And though there has been little betting action as yet, the odds agreed with Ingemar, making Liston a 7-to-5 favorite over the champion.

Then, for the next hour or so, watching movies of Liston in the Golden Gloves, Liston winning a decision over Eddie Machen and Liston stopping Willis Besmanoff, it dawned on Johansson that, although Liston did have all the terrifying qualities ascribed to him, he needed the kind of opponent on whom they could be worked. The films were a revelation to Ingemar and they changed his mind about Sonny Liston and the outcome of the big fight.

The revelation occurred in Geneva, because that is where Ingemar and his bride, the stunning Birgit who graced his training camps, now reside in a modest apartment while a more commodious home is being built for them in the sub-

urbs. Recent winner of the European heavyweight championship by an eighth-round knockout over Dick Richardson of England, Ingemar is a trim six pounds over fighting weight, does roadwork daily after a long morning's sleep, golfs and swims, and recently succumbed to the blandishments of a couple of waiters at Geneva's Movenpick restaurant to play center forward on their soccer team. He seems, in fact, to be more athletically active than he was when he was training for his three Patterson fights.

Nor has he by any means retired from boxing. He has even been negotiating for a fight with Archie Moore, tentatively considered for the Tijuana, Mexico bullring, where he would be safe from U.S. and Swedish income tax pursuit. About taxes, which have driven so many fighters into poverty after lucrative careers, Ingemar is now serene. He has his

continued

own sizable treasury tucked away in impregnable Swiss banks, his fishing trawlers and real estate in Sweden are productive and like many another man of means, he has become a patron of the arts. He has begun a collection of abstract paintings, which are on display in his apartment. There is some prospect, though, that the Swedish government will confiscate his fishing trawlers if it decides that he is not a bona fide resident of Switzerland. Despite this outlook, Ingemar is imperturbable.

"I have enough in the banks here," he said, waiting for the room to darken and the screen to light up. "I do not worry about such things. Nobody can touch what I have in the banks."

The screen brightened and began to show Liston mauling a Golden Gloves opponent to a decision. It was not a stylish performance, even for an amateur. Ingemar turned to the man running the projector.

"The film is running too slow," he said. "Can you speed it up?"

"That is normal speed," the man said. Ingemar shrugged and turned to watch Liston against Eddie Machen in a fight that went a full 12 rounds because Liston never could catch up. (Ingemar had knocked Machen out in one round to win his successful chance at Patterson's title.) Liston, doggedly stamping after Machen, seldom could get within serious punching distance of him. And that explained why Ingemar thought the movie projector was faulty. It wasn't the projector, it was Liston.

"My God, he is slow," Ingemar said, as Machen easily evaded Liston time after time.

Johannsson studied in silence as Liston advanced and Machen backed, as Liston moved with left hooks and fell short with straight rights, none of which made him look more than ordinary. Then Liston landed one of his very impressive jabs, the kind that has been described as the best since Joe Louis.

"He has a very long left," Ingemar said approvingly. "It is long and strong."

"Machen is running all the time," he continued, as the second round progressed much like the first. "It would be better if Machen attacked, because he is the fastest one. To attack is the best guard. As soon as Machen does something, like when he starts a combination, it goes through. But he has no how would you say it? desire?"



THE LISTON RIGHT is easily evaded by the speedy Eddie Machen, who illustrated boxing (above) mainly by staying out of harm's way and even counterpunching at times before losing.



THE LISTON JAB is powerful, but even Willi Boernhoff, no marksman, was able to slip it (above). Because it is so slow, though he was eventually knocked out in the seventh round. Not so lucky was the next Albert Weisbach (below). Liston's last opponent, who was knocked out in the first.



That was the word. Machen's main desire seemed to be for survival.

Ingemar remarked that Liston's style in this fight was very much like the one he himself used against Patterson at their third fight in Miami.

"And in my opinion," he went on, "it was almost successful. I almost had him." He had, indeed. He was thinking how he knocked Patterson down in the first round, perhaps to be deprived of a quick knockout by the fact that the eight-count rule, normally *is* used in championship fights, was oddly retained for this one. Patterson took an eight count standing, while Ingemar was forced to stand by at a time when his opponent was most vulnerable. As it happened, the champion had enough time to recover from the effects of the right.

Ingemar studied Liston carefully for another round.

"It looks as if he did not have the right balance on his body," he said, "and he slings the left hook. I should like to see Rocky Marciano against him. Marciano would have knocked him out. As soon as Machen does something against him he is stopped."

All this was true, but Machen never pressed an advantage through the fight. As the 11th round dragged to a close, Ingemar sighed.

"I tell you one thing from what I have learned," he said. "I thought Liston was much better. Does not Eddie Machen hit hard any more?"

And in the 12th he observed that the timing of a left-right combination (just about the only combination Liston possesses) was "not good." Nor did he think much of Liston's right by itself, for it seemed much too predictable.

"A right hand should go like Sugar Ray Robinson's did when he was at the top," Ingemar explained, savouring the memory of Sugar Ray's right exploding out of nowhere. Against Machen, and later against Patterson, Ingemar's own right was thrown in just that way.

There was the official decision in favor of a seemingly bewildered Liston, and then With Besmanoff, a consistent loser, came on the screen. This was almost a year before the Machen fight and, as Ingemar pointed out, Liston had been slimmer then, which might account for the fact that he also looked faster against Besmanoff, whom he stopped in the seventh round. Ingemar observed that Liston looked strong when Besmanoff closed with him but that neither appeared to know anything about infighting.

"Besmanoff just goes in and does nothing," he said. "But Besmanoff looks better than when he was fighting Archie Moore [who twice defeated him in 10 rounds]. Right away I can see that."

He gasped as Liston let a perfect knockout opportunity slip by and was himself exposed in the process.

"Oh, Marciano would have kayoed him very fast!" he said, thinking, no doubt, that Ingemar Johansson might have done the same with such an opportunity. He admired Liston's jab once more but pointed out that it was too slow, for all its ponderous power, and this meant that a faster fighter would slip it. Liston was missing with his hook, too, Ingemar noted. The never-brilliant Besmanoff was, in fact, shipping the jab and blocking the hook or, at times, moving inside the hook and catching only the force of Liston's forearm.

"Liston is very easy to hit with a straight left himself," Johansson went on, watching Besmanoff do it. He remarked that he had been told that no one ever has subjected Liston to a body attack—a fact of some significance, since Patterson's body attack is painfully powerful. He has often used it to weaken opponents for the knockout.

"I understand Liston is counting on that," Ingemar said. "Some friends tell me."

After the knockout, which had been increasingly predictable, we adjourned to the bar where, over a Coca-Cola, Ingemar pondered what he had seen.

"I tell you," he said finally, "that after I see these films I think more of Patterson's chances."

Against Patterson's chances, he felt, was the champion's proven susceptibility to straight punches, the kind Liston throws.

No sport for ladies

It would be financially advantageous for Johansson if Liston were to win, since another Patterson-Johansson fight is most unlikely, whereas a Liston-Johansson fight would be a distinct and lucrative possibility. But Johansson likes Patterson as a person and shudders to think what would happen to boxing if a man of Liston's background were to win the title. The welfare of the sport means much to him.

"I wish with all my heart that Patterson would win," he said. "Boxing is not a sport for ladies, but you have to keep a standard and it would hurt boxing if Liston is champion. I would like to fight

Liston and if he wins I would get a chance at the title again, but I am sure Patterson would not fight me again. So if Liston wins, it is good for me. But I would not want to see him win."

Still mulling over the probabilities after what he had seen, drawing on his deep knowledge of Patterson's abilities and weaknesses, he suggested that Patterson should not attack with his left hook because in doing so he would run the risk of Liston's long-armed jab.

"Neither should he stand and look," Ingemar continued. "If I may give him advice, I would say that he should start all the time with the left jab—left jab. He should do this for a couple of rounds and Liston will tire very fast because he is used to always coming in. That is what made him look good and made the others tired very soon. But if someone does it to him then he is the one who will be tired."

He did not think Patterson would have to worry much about Liston's left hook, his weakest punch.

"Liston is not putting his body into the hook," he explained. "It is all his arm. There is no power in it, which he could have if he used his body."

"Patterson cannot wait. He cannot let Liston come to him. I keep saying that because Liston is coming all the way and that gives him more speed than he has. He is always starting before the other fellow. Patterson must not let him start."

Johansson recalled how he had fired Liston's latest opponent, the ludicrous German, Albert Westphal, as a sparring partner in United Nations exhibitions on the Gaza Strip. Westphal could not even offer a token show to entertain the crowds. Liston knocked out Westphal in the first round with his first serious punch. It was clear that Ingemar was running through his mind the possibility that Liston's reputation had been built on the bodies of many similar stiffos. To an extent this may be true, but it is also true of most fighters making the long climb to recognition.

Then Ingemar summed up:

"I thought before I saw these films that Sonny Liston will win but now I am changing my mind. Closer I can't come. It's a tough thing to say who will win a fight because in fighting anything can happen. It's so hard. I do wish Patterson would win. He is very easy to hit with the straight left and straight right, but it looks to me that Liston is too awfully slow to beat him."

END

Vim and Vigah on the Frontier

You might call it creeping athleticism. It began, of course, with Jack's (we-Kennedys-play-for-keeps) touch football games, and Jackie riding to hounds. Now all New Frontiersmen are huffing and puffing after the vigor the President thinks they (and we) need



Attorney General Kennedy (above) flips a football to a friend during a lunch hour stroll. Defense Secretary McNamara (right, without shirt) plays squash with Agriculture Secretary Freeman.

CONTINUED







Vim and Vigah continued

Postmaster General J. Edward Day (*above, left*) plays a determined game of tennis (his unseen opponent is Mrs. Day) in Tulip Hill, Md., while Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges (*above*) takes a firm stand in the surf at Cape Hatteras. While governor of North Carolina, Hodges was instrumental in organizing the Hatteras Marlin Club.

Ted Sorensen, special counsel to the President (*left*), enjoys a hot game of pepper with sons Stephen, 8, and Philip, 7, in the backyard of his Arlington, Va. apartment house. Commissioner of Internal Revenue Mortimer Caplin (*right*), an intercollegiate boxing champ at the University of Virginia, punnels the heavy bag in Pentagon gym.





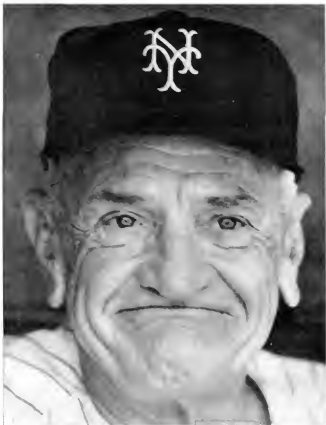


By DeCura

Big Man at Smalls

Doing some tall, tall twisting is Wilt Chamberlain, the 7-foot-2 star of the San Francisco Warriors basketball team and proprietor of Big Wilt's Smalls Paradise, a Harlem nightclub. Once a swinging scene, Smalls (the name of the original owner) had been hurting until the twist, a dance called the slow drag and, above all, Wilt himself, brought back the high life.





WORST BASEBALL TEAM EVER

The description may seem harsh, but as the tragicomic face above shows, the New York Mets are a sore burden to a man and a city accustomed to winning. For some unaccountable reason, they are still loved—and not just by those who beat them

by JIMMY BRESLIN

It was long after midnight. The bartender was falling asleep, and the only sound in the hotel was the whine of a vacuum cleaner in the lobby. Casey Stengel banged his last empty glass of the evening on the red-tiled bar top and then walked out of this place the Chase Hotel in St. Louis calls the Lido Room.

In the lobby the guy working the vacuum cleaner was on his big job, the rug leading into a ballroom, when Mr. Stengel stopped to light a cigarette and reflect on life. For Stengel this summer, life consists of managing a team called the New York Mets, which is not very good at playing baseball.

"I'm shell-shocked," Casey addressed the cleaner. "I'm not used to gettin' any of these shocks at all, and now they come every three innings. How do you like that?" The cleaner had no answer. "This is a disaster," Stengel continued. "Do you know who my player of the year is? My player of the year is Choo Choo Coleman and I have him for only two days. He runs very good."

This accomplished, Stengel headed for bed. The cleaner went back to his rug. He was a bit puzzled, although not as much as Stengel was later in the day when the Mets played the St. Louis Cardinals in a doubleheader.

Casey was standing on the top step of the dugout at Busch Stadium and he could see the whole thing clearly. That was the trouble.

In front of him the Mets had Ken Boyer of the Cardinals in a rundown between first and second. Marvin Throneberry, the marvelous first baseman, had the ball. Boyer started to run away from him. Nobody runs away from Marvin Throneberry. He took after Boyer with purpose. Marv lowered his head a little and produced wonderful running action with his legs. This amazed Stengel. It also amazed Stan Musial of the Cardinals, who was on third. Stanley's mouth opened. Then he broke for the plate and ran across it and into the dugout with the run that cost the Mets the game (Throneberry, incidentally, never did get Boyer. Charlie Neal finally made the putout.) It was an incredible play. It also was loss No. 75 of the season for the Mets. In the second game Roger Craig, the Mets' starter, gave up so many runs so quickly in the seventh inning that Casey didn't have time to get one of his great relief pitchers ready. The Mets went on to lose No. 76.

Following this, the team flew to New

York, where some highly disloyal people were starting to talk about them. There seems to be some sort of suspicion around that the New York Mets not only are playing baseball poorly this season but are playing it worse than any team in the modern history of the sport. As this week began, the Mets had a record of 28 won and 79 lost and seemed certain to break the modern record for losses in one season. This was set by the 1916 Philadelphia Athletics, who lost 117 games—an achievement that was challenged by the Boston Braves of 1935, who lost 115 games and were known as The World's Worst Team. But, by using one of the more expensive Keuffel & Esser slide rules, you discover that the Mets, if they cling to their present pace, will lose 120 games. You cannot ask for more than that.

After careful investigation . . .

Figures, of course, are notorious liars, which is why accountants have more fun than people think. Therefore, you just do not use a record book to say the Mets are the worst team of all time. You have to investigate the matter thoroughly. Then you can say the Mets are the worst team of all time.

"I never thought I would have an argument," Bill Vecek says. "I was always secure in the knowledge that when I owned the St. Louis Browns, I had the worst. Now it's different. You can say anything you want, but don't you dare say my Browns were this bad. I'll prove it to you. There are still a few Browns in the major leagues and this is nine years later. How many Mets do you think are going to be around even two years from now? I'm being soft here. I haven't even mentioned my midget, Eddie Guedel."

Reporting from Philadelphia is Pat Hastings, proprietor of the Brown Jug bar and a man who has sat through more bad baseball than anybody in America. For consistency, Philadelphia baseball always has been the worst. On nine occasions during Pat's tenure at old Baker Bowl and Shibe Park, both the Phillies and A's finished in last place.

But Pat, who has viewed the Mets on several occasions this season, refuses to put any team in a class with them. "The 1916 Athletics had Stuffie McInnis, you got to remember that," he says. "And some of them Phillies teams could hurt you with the bat pretty good. There was players like Chuck Klein, Virgil Davis, Don Hurst. I seen 'em all. Why, we used

to make jokes about Buzz Arlett. He played right field for the Phillies in 1931. People used to go out and get drunk if they seen him catch a fly ball. I feel like writing the fellow a letter of apology now. Why he done more fielding standing still than some of these Mets. I seen do at full speed."

In Brooklyn there is Joseph (Babe) Hamberger, who once associated with the old Dodgers and vehemently denies he ever saw a Brooklyn club as bad as the Mets.

"When Uncle Robbie (Wilbert Robinson) was managing, he didn't even know the names of the players," Babe says. "But he won two pennants and was in the first division a couple of times. Casey was over here, too. Ask him. He'll tell you. It got rough, but never like now."

Now all this is not being pointed out as an act of gratuitous cruelty. Quite the opposite. The Mets are so bad, you've got to love them. Name one true American who could do anything but root for a team that has had over 135 home runs hit against it. In New York a lot of people root for the Mets. They are mainly old Brooklyn Dodger fans and their offspring, who are called the "New Breed" in the newspapers. They are the kind of people who, as San Francisco Giant Publicist Garry Schumacher once observed, never would have tolerated Joe DiMaggio on their team at Ebbets Field. "Too perfect," Garry said.

The Mets are bad for many reasons, one of which is that they do not have good players. The team was formed last year when the National League expanded to 10 teams. ("We are damn lucky they didn't expand to 12 teams," Manager Stengel says.) The other new team, the Houston Colt .45s, has done a bit better than the Mets. It's in eighth place, 11½ games ahead of New York. For players, the Mets were given a list of men made available to them by the other eight National League teams. The list was carefully prepared and checked and rechecked by the club owners. This was to make certain that no bona-fide ballplayers were on it.

"It was so thoughtful of them," Stengel says. "I want to thank all of them owners who loved us to have those men and picked them for us. It was very generous of them."

Actually, the Mets did wind up with a ballplayer or two, First Baseman Gil Hodges was fielding as well as ever before a kidney ailment put him in the

continued

hospital. Center fielder Richie Ashburn, at 35, is a fine lead-off hitter, although he seems to be on his way to settling some sort of a record for being thrown out while trying to take an extra base. If Jim Hickman, an outfielder, ever learns to swing at good pitches he might make it big. Here and there Al Jackson and Roger Craig produce a well-pitched game. And Frank Thomas can hit. But all this does is force the Mets to go out of their way to lose.

And once past these people, the Mets present an array of talent that is startling. Most of those shocks Casey talks about come when his pitchers throw to batters. There was a recent day in St. Louis when Ray Davault threw a low fast ball to Charley James of the Cards. James likes low fast balls. He hit this one eight rows deep into left field for the ball game.

"It was bad luck," Davault told the manager after the game. "I threw him a perfect pitch."

"It couldn't have been a perfect pitch," Casey said. "Perfect pitches don't travel that far."

One of Casey's coaches is the faded Rogers Hornsby. Rajah was a batting

coach during spring training and for the early part of the season. But all of his work now is done with prospects out on the farms. Which is good, because Hornsby hates to lose. Oh how he hates to lose! One day he was sitting in the dugout at the Polo Grounds before a game and you could see him seething. The Mets had been losing. So was Hornsby. He couldn't get a thing home and he was in action at three or four different major tracks around the country.

"You can't trust them old Kentucky bastard trainers," he confided.

The general manager of the Mets is George Weiss, who was let go by the Yankees after the 1960 season because of his age. He is 68 now. George spent all of last year at his home in Greenwich, Conn. As Red Smith reported, this caused his wife, Hazel, to announce, "I married George for better or for worse, but not for lunch." She was pleased when George took over the Mets this year and resumed his 12-hour working day away from home.

The Mets also have many big-name sports reporters who write about them. This may be the hardest job of all. As Barney Kremenko of the *New York Journal-American* observes, "I've cov-

ered losing teams before. But for me to be with a non-winner!"

There are some people, of course, who will not stand still for any raps at the team. They say the Mets have a poor record because they lose so many one-run games. They point out that the Mets have lost 28 games by one run so far. However, this figure also means the Mets lost 51 other games by more than one run.

One who advances the one-run theory is Donald Grant, the Wall Street stockbroker who handles ownership details for Mrs. Joan Payson, the class lady who put up the money for the Mets. It is Mr. Grant's job to write letters to Mrs. Payson, explaining to her just what is happening with the Mets.

"It is annoying to lose by one run, but Mrs. Payson and I are pleased with the team's progress," Grant says. "She is perfectly understanding about it. After all, you do not breed a Thoroughbred horse overnight." Grant obviously doesn't know much about horse racing.

Whether the Mets lose by a run or by 14 runs (and they have done this, too), it doesn't matter. They still lose. They lose at night and in the daytime and they lose so much that the only charge

continued on page 49



MARV THRONEBERRY, NICKNAMED "MARVELOUS MARV" BY NEW YORK FANS, TAKES HIS EYE OFF THE BALL—PERHAPS TO PRAY

that's right!



Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

Some filter cigarettes taste too strong—just like the unfiltered kind. Some taste too light—and they're no fun at all. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.

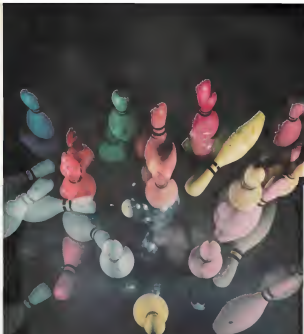
Smoke all seven of the leading filter brands, and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . some taste too light . . . but Viceroy's got the taste that's right. That's right! That's right!







Everyone who has ever visited a bowling alley knows what it sounds like, and practically every bowler knows what it feels like, but only pictures taken with a repetitive strobe flash can show with accuracy what it looks like when you bowl a perfect



STRIKE...



■ ■ ■ OR **MISS**

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE BALL HITS

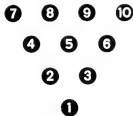
In the first of the pictures on the three preceding pages, John G. Zimmerman's repetitive strobe flash has recorded in half a dozen breathless installments the infinitesimally brief history of a bowled strike so nearly perfect as to bring tears to the eyes of any kegler. The ball, rolled by American Machine & Foundry's staff bowler Joe Brown, has hit cleanly in the pocket between pins No. 1 (painted lemon color) and No. 3 (pink) and then swept along, taking pins 3, 5 (salmon) and 9 (tan) with it. Meanwhile, pin No. 1 has hurled itself directly at pin No. 2 (gray), which in turn has slid toward No. 4 (red), which in turn has knocked out No. 7 (blue) to clean out the left side of the V. On the other side, No. 3 has ticked No. 6 (gold), which has knocked down No. 10 (raspberry). No. 8 (green), the only pin not in any direct line of fire, has been taken out by No. 5.

Not all strikes are so perfectly executed. The second two pictures show strikes that achieved the same results with somewhat less precision. The pictures at left show four would-be strikes that never made it at all. All of the pictures, however, demonstrate clearly what happens when a bowler hits or

misses. Shown in the upper left corner in pitiless detail is the so-called double pinochle, in which the ball has hit No. 1 on dead center, cleaning out the middle of the V but leaving pins 4, 6, 7 and 10 all standing intact.

To get the pictures, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s photographer, assisted by the proprietor of the New York Gladiators arena in Totowa, N.J., had to make a bowler's horror of a lane. First off, he painted the once uniformly varnished pins in a rainbow of colors so that each could be identified throughout its movement and set them on a ground cloth of black paper. Then he removed the automatic pinspotter above them and hung his camera in its place. His final indignity was to stretch two fine wires across the lane itself, so that balls passing over them would trigger first the strobe unit (set to flash 12 times each second) and then the camera shutter. With the lane thus prepared, he put Bowler Brown to work bowling at the rate of about 30 strikes an hour for two days.

One thing both photographer and bowler discovered: after the ball has struck the first pin it takes one-half of a second to make a strike—or miss it.



by REX LARDNER

THE WHOLE TOWN'S JUMPING

For \$30, at the Sport Parachuting Center in Orange, Mass.—the Sorbonne of American sport parachuting—you can take a three-hour lesson, borrow equipment and make your first jump. You can buy a parachute for \$229.50, boots for \$29.50 and a helmet for \$37. Also for sale at the center are such accessories as a wind-drift indicator, a striped baton to hand to another sky diver during free fall, a combination altimeter and stopwatch, a 'ladies' fancy-colored jump suit and a Sky Diver flour bag filled with flour for "smoke jumps." The bag is attached to your leg and trails a smooth stream of "smoke" during free fall. It permits a kind of nonmechanical skywriting. You can also buy such doodads as a Sky Diver cigarette lighter, Sky Diver cuff links and a Sky Diver money clip.

The center was established at the Orange Municipal Airport in 1959 and parachuting has since become very popular in Orange. Business executives, taxi drivers, lady bartenders, lawyers and college students have jumped. A tiny shop in the city does a booming business in transforming conventional parachutes into the kind used for sport parachuting.

Three miles from the center is the Inn at Orange, the country's first inn dedicated to parachutists—a kind of *après-jump* lodge. The chef and the hostess are parachutists. One of the inn's features is a Flaming Descent cocktail that is served burning to customers (its ingredients are kept secret). Evenings, parachutist-guitarists or parachute rigger-guitarists sing

Photo courtesy of Charles B. Brown

SPREAD-EAGLED IN FLIGHT, member of U.S. men's parachuting team free-falls toward target in sandy bowl at Orange airport. At right, team plummets earthward in group jump.



Parachute-happy Orange, Mass. is the scene of the sixth world championship beginning this week, and the U.S. men's and women's teams have been busy practicing leaps, loops and tricky landings. They have a good chance to beat the Russians and Czechs for the title

a melancholy ballad about an ill-starred jumper whose chute failed to open. It is wildly applauded.

On weekends, traditionally, parachutists float down onto the lawn adjoining the inn, shuck off their harnesses and stroll inside for a meal. A few days ago Brigadier General Joseph Stilwell (son of Vinegar Joe Stilwell), Captain James Perry of the U.S. Army and Jacques André Istel jumped from 3,500 feet, landed, removed their chutes and entered the inn for lunch. It was a notable group insofar as American sport parachuting is concerned. General Stilwell, 50 years old, is commanding general of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, has made over 100 free-fall jumps and organized the Fort Devens, Mass. Sports Diving Club. Captain Perry, former chief instructor of the 18th Airborne Corps Skydiving Group at Fort Bragg, N.C., is the captain (nonjumping) of the U.S. parachuting team. And Jacques André Istel is to sport parachuting in America what Goodman is to swing. Among other things, Istel was captain of the first American team to engage in international competition, in Moscow in 1956. He is the co-inventor of the Telsan Tern, this country's first steerable parachute, and the Telsan Hustler, America's most recently developed competition parachute. (Lewis B. Sanborn, the co-inventor, was captain of the 1958 American parachute team.) Istel is the founder of the Orange parachuting center—this country's first and biggest—and a member of the four-man team that last year, to the surprise of Europeans, set two world records in precision jumping.

Istel considers his greatest achievement, however, to be his part in arranging to have the sixth world parachuting championship held in the U.S. It will

continued



take place between August 11 and September 3—in Orange, naturally—with 24 nations sending over teams to compete. A men's team in international competition consists of five jumpers, a women's team consists of four jumpers. During the 24-day competition there will be jumps for style (ability to make quick, precise turns and backward loops during a free fall of from 25 to 30 seconds for men and 20 to 25 seconds for women) and jumps for accuracy (landing as close as possible to the center of a cross-shaped target on the ground). There will be jumps from 1,000, 1,500 and 2,000 meters (i.e., 3,280, 4,921 and 6,561 feet), jumps made individually and jumps made in groups. In group jumps team members leave the plane at two- to three-second intervals. Four team members take part in men's group jumps and three take part in the women's. Competitors are graded on both style and accuracy in a complex system of earning points. A country's score is based on the results of five men's and women's group jumps, plus the top three men's scores in individual events, plus the top two women's scores in individual events. Electronic computers are used to figure all this out.

The national overall and style champion is Sergeant Richard T. Fortenberry of Spring Lake, N.C. (see cover). James Arander of Tulsa, Okla., finished second to Fortenberry in the style event. In the previous world championship, held in Bulgaria two years ago, Fortenberry finished second in landing accuracy and overall, and Arander won the style event. However, the Americans finished fourth overall behind Russia, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria. Because these countries dominated sport for many years, Isiel found himself laughed at in 1958 when he suggested to the International Parachuting Commission of the Federation Aéronautique Internationale (the governing body of world parachuting—that the championships be held in the U.S. in 1962. "They felt we were not competent to hold an international meet," he remarked recently at the inn. "They thought we would never catch up. America had extremely little sport parachuting and no sport parachuting centers. They felt it wasn't serious." Isiel showed enthusiasm of the IAI that he was serious. He was appointed chairman of the Massachusetts Sport Parachuting Commission, and largely through his efforts Congress passed an act directing the

State Department to invite nations belonging to the IAI to hold the 1962 championships in America. He also was appointed president of the sixth world championship committee. The then-governor of Massachusetts, Foster Furcolo, and the Parachute Club of America supported the invitation. After it was accepted, Isiel parachuted, with the acceptance, onto the lawn of the state house in Boston and presented it to the new governor, John A. Volpe. To finance the project, the largest aeronautical event ever held in America, Isiel secured a loan of \$125,000 from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, borrowed costs from the Department of Defense and raised \$80,000 more on loans guaranteed by friends of American sport parachuting. He has also sunk \$12,000 of his own money into the project.

Citizens of Orange have been pitching in enthusiastically. A \$2.5 million high school has been turned over to Isiel, and volunteer workers have been transforming it into living quarters for an estimated 350 foreign parachutists, alternates and delegates. Welcome packages have been made up for the visitors.

Isiel expects to recover the investment through admissions. For the convenience of spectators a gigantic bowl 220 yards in diameter has been dug in the center of the airport so that spectators lining the banks will be able to see the parachutists land near the target. (In previous competitions the audience has been able to see very little of the actual landing.) During the 24-day competition Isiel expects about 200,000 customers.

This will also be the first time landings will be made in an area completely covered by sand—paradise for the chutist. It is a fortunate thing, too, since the style of landing now favored in competition by jumpers is quite dangerous. Because the jumper's nearness to the center of the target is measured from the point where his closest foot hits, some parachutists—the Russians notably—land on their sides or their spines in a swinging, twisting feet-first lunge at the target to maneuver themselves a few feet closer. In self-defense, the Americans have adopted a kind of gliding aerial baseball slide not quite so dangerous. Laymen, by contrast, are taught a very relaxed side fall, landing on the balls of the feet and

DORSAL LANDING by Lorna Legg, enthusiastic student parachutist at the center, barely misses U.S. women's team member Nona Ford.





then letting other parts of the body hit.

For the past six weeks the American team has been practicing slides, precision jumps, jumps for style, delayed openings and so on to be ready for the invading competition. They jump seven days a week—weather permitting—getting up at 5:30 a.m., emplaning at about 7 for the day's first jump. After jumping, each jumper packs his or her own chute, a process that takes about half an hour. They average about four jumps a day. When the weather is bad, team members cavort on a trampoline and study French and Russian. "We're learning how to say 'thank you' after the Russians congratulate us," Captain Perry remarked during a lull in jumping at the airport. The Americans are extremely confident. "In the Seven gore TU," said Captain Perry, "we have the world's best sport parachute." (In the Seven gore chute two gores, or panels, of the canopy are removed to facilitate steering by the parachutist.) "Except for the Hustler, it's the world's only parachute that can go backwards," Captain Perry continued. "From 10 miles an hour forward speed, you can revert to four miles an hour backwards." Sergeant Loy Brydon, another team member, said that the Russian chutes, which are made of silk instead of nylon, are harder to maneuver than the American.

The only major accident during the team's training period at Orange happened to Sergeant Fortenberry in the middle of July. In practicing an accuracy jump he tumbled forward on landing, and to break his fall put out his right arm. His right collarbone, weakened by a break suffered years ago in a motor scooter accident, broke a second time. Wearing a cast strapped on with adhesive tape, he resumed jumping several days ago. "I learned a lot by watching," Fortenberry says cheerily about his enforced layoff.

At the Inn at Orange a few evenings ago, members of the men's and women's teams were sitting around relaxing. Aronson was discussing Rimbaud's philosophy with Mrs. Carlyn Olson, Mrs. Muriel Simbro and Mrs. Gladys Inman of the women's team. At other tables parachutists, riggers and parachute enthusiasts were talking parachute talk and practicing languages on each other. Sergeant Fortenberry, who is a parachute rigger in the army when not jumping, came in, took some joshing about his collarbone and sat down.

continued

DOING IT THE HARD WAY *by hoff*

(GETTING RID OF DANDRUFF, THAT IS!)



easier 3-minute way for men: FITCH

Men, get rid of embarrassing dandruff easy as 1-2-3 with FITCH! In just 3 minutes (one rubbing, one lathering, one rinsing), every trace of dandruff, grime, gummy old hair tonic goes down the drain! Your hair looks handsomer, healthier. Your scalp feels so refreshed. Use FITCH Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO every week for positive dandruff control. Keep your hair and scalp really clean, dandruff-free!

FITCH

LEADING MAN'S
SHAMPOO



DESENEX!

*compounded with undecylenic acid, a standard
Athlete's Foot Treatment
used by the U.S. ARMY!*



MEDICAL SCIENTISTS REPORT:

"amazing results" "dramatic improvement!"

Probably nowhere as the control of athlete's foot more important than in the Army, Navy and Air Force, with millions of men in service. Thanks to a remarkable preparation, it no longer is the problem it once was.

The treatment (undecylenic acid) is so simple and dependable, it is now a standard Athlete's Foot Treatment used by the U.S. Armed Forces!

This Desenex treatment is also *mandatory* prescribed and recommended by physicians, for it works where others often fail. It promises new freedom from athlete's foot itching, pain and danger of spreading, as evidenced by clinical studies involving over 6200 men and women.*

What Desenex does:

Desenex *scrubs out*, attacks and kills not only common athlete's foot fungi, but also *cherry barbers* that often cause more stubborn cases. Mud-dewy itch is relieved, healing rapidly promoted. Simply use Desenex Ointment at night. Powder during day. *It's guaranteed to work or money back!* Desenex—at all drug counters.

"Clinical results were described professionally as 'dramatic,' 'immediate,' even 'amazing.'" Key facts from these studies by leading hospitals, medical schools and clinics are available to your physician or your foot specialist.

© 1962, M-T-B Pharmaceuticals, Rochester 3, N. Y.

JUMPING

"Parachutists have a terrific sense of humor," he said. "One game we play is called dead ants. The antmaster—the fellow who lost the last game—calls out 'Dead ants!' and the last one to lie down on the floor on his back with his hands and feet up has to pay for the beers. Listen to this!" Then an employee of the center—which uses Telsan Tern and Telsan Hustler parachutes exclusively—unleashed his guitar and began singing a calypso number comparing those chutes with the Seven gore TU.

"The TU he is not so great.

You turn him and he oscillate."

The stanzas got a big hand from the parachutists. The singer turned his attention to Fortenberry's misadventure while using the Seven gore TU.

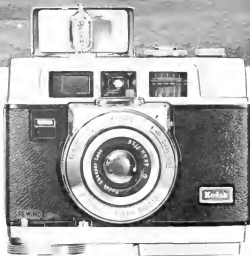
"Turn downwind to bring me home, She throw me on my collarbone."

The parachutists laughed, Fortenberry as easily as the rest. The guitar was borrowed by a talented rigger and the saga of the parachutist whose chute failed to open was recounted. The room lighted up as a pair of Flaming Descend cocktails was ushered in for parachuting admirers. One got the idea that the mission of Jacques Andre Istel—to encourage more and more Americans to achieve exaltation by tumbling out of airplanes was nearing completion.

END



ROOT-HIGH SLIDE to target on the Orange bowl sand is landing technique of Loy Brydon.



Winds film for you—has new built-in "pop-up" flash! THE KODAK MOTORMATIC 35F CAMERA

Here's a power-driven electric-eye camera that gets the pictures other 35mm cameras might miss!

The new KODAK MOTORMATIC 35F Camera lets you take as many as 10 shots in 10 seconds! A spring power drive advances the film—and you're set for the next shot right away. You don't miss the unexpected better shots

that so often come *after* you've just clicked the shutter.

Zone focus markings appear in the finder—remind you to make the proper setting before you shoot.

The KODAK MOTORMATIC 35F not only sets exposure for you, in dim light, it also tells you when to use flash. And that's where this camera

really shines! You're ready for flash instantly. The flash holder is built in, pops up when you need it, folds away when you don't. And as you focus for flash, the lens opening *automatically* adjusts for correct exposure!

See the picture-saving new Kodak MOTORMATIC 35F Camera at your Kodak dealer's soon. Less than \$120.



Fine-camera precision . . . automatic ease! Coupled rangefinder, f/2.8 lens, KODAK REPPSA Automatic III Camera . . . less than \$140.

Prices subject to change without notice



Fully automatic exposure writing . . . just aim and shoot! Built-in "pop-up" flash. Last f/2.8 lens KODAK Automatic 35F Camera . . . less than \$100.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON
THE NAME KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR" SUNDAY EVENINGS, 8PM-9PM

Kodak
SALES

LES CATCHEURS

In France professional wrestling is called 'le catch' and, largely because of such flamboyant 'catcheuses' and 'catcheurs' as The Pantheress (below) and Beautiful Bobby Duranton (with his valet Firmin, right), it has caught on. In Paris alone there are seven wrestling arenas where, amid predictable showers of tomatoes, guaranteed riots and flailing handbags, pure and honest spirits flatten black hearts in Gallic morality plays.



Photographs by Robert Doisneau





Kemikoze, The Suicidal Jap (right), is a baddy. The White Angel (left) is a good one. When the Angel removed his mask for the first time in Paris, middle-aged women wept. Carried away, the Angel unmasked all over France to diminishing tears. Said one annoyed fan: "It isn't a sport anymore, it's a striptease."





A father is a child's best insurance

Who else provides a shoulder to cry on, or the protection that love demands? To help a young father get the protection he needs during the years when future and family are growing, Occidental suggests Change-Easy Term Insurance. ¶ Why? Because at age twenty-six, \$9.59 a month buys you \$20,000 of term insurance for the next five years. This is pure protection

with no savings or borrowing values—that's why the cost is half to a third that of life-long insurance. ¶ And this insurance is flexible. Later on when you want and can better afford savings and borrowing advantages, you can change—without medical examination—to a life-long Occidental plan

OCCIDENTAL LIFE

that provides these benefits. ¶ Take advantage of being young. Ask for "Insurance Advice For Young Fathers"—a good booklet to read if you want to keep your protection high and your current outlay low. Write Occidental Life Insurance Company of California, 1153 South Broadway, Los Angeles 15, California. Or ask your Occidental representative to give you a free copy.

He left 'em at the gate



IN ACCORDANCE WITH SURPRISE STRATEGY, CARRY BACK BOLTS OFF ALL ALONE ON HIS WAY TO AN EASY VICTORY IN THE WHITNEY

Seven hours before the running of last Saturday's \$57,400 Whitney Stakes at Saratoga, Jack Price, the owner, trainer and one-man band in charge of Carry Back, slid a manila folder from his filing cabinet, examined its contents closely and then called Jockey Johnny Sellers on the telephone.

"John," said Price, "I've got the chart of last year's Flamingo Stakes right in front of me. I figure this Whitney has got to be run about the same way for Carry Back to win. We've got an inside post position and about 350 feet to go before we hit the first turn. Johnny, do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Price," said Sellers. "When that gate opens," Price continued, "I want Carry Back to be the first horse out. Everybody else will expect us to hang back, but I want you right on the lead. Carry Back has never won from the inside post position, and anytime a horse carries 130 pounds like he's carrying today he can't jump for one big run. You've got to wait with those speed horses and get yourself into a good position early. If you can't, we're cooked. I want this race. I think the way to get it is by fooling everybody."

Johnny Sellers thought back over that Flamingo of 1961. The horse he had to beat then was Crozier, and he did. The one horse he had to beat in the Whitney

was the same Crozier. In the short run to the first turn in Hialeah's 1961 Flamingo, Sellers had pushed Carry Back to a contending position early. "Yes, yes, Price is right," thought Sellers. The Whitney was exactly like the Flamingo. "If I could get near the lead," Sellers said later, "I would have all nine of the other starters off balance. The jocks on the other horses had probably read enough about Carry Back to know that he runs from behind most of the time."

While all this Carry Back plotting was going on behind the scenes at beautiful and luxuriant Saratoga, the famous old spa was all in a tizzy about Carry Back himself. He drew the biggest paddock crowd since Native Dancer ran there as a 3-year-old in 1953. He was the last horse to appear in the walking ring before Saturday's race, and when he finally arrived there was actually a surge of applause. Carry Back snorted a couple of times and broke out into a sweat at the display of affection.

When the gate opened for the Whitney, Carry Back broke ahead of everyone, just as planned (above), and Sellers later tucked his mount into a perfect position. He merely had to wait for poor Crozier to stop in front of him. In the stretch Carry Back calmly strolled by him.

"Crozier," said his rider, Braulio Bae-

za, after the race, "is a mean, dirty rat and it looks like he will never beat Carry Back again." (He beat him twice in 1961.)

Carry Back's successful performance in the Whitney had international significance. Eight weeks from now he will be in Paris for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. "We've thought it over," says Katherine Price, "and I guess we'll go. Carry Back will probably run in the Aqueduct Stakes on September 3, and then we'll get him ready for Paris. To tell the truth, the pressure has become terrific. Last year, when Carry Back was a 3-year-old, I didn't seem to worry so much. Actually I couldn't get excited about him the way I should have. Before he won the Kentucky Derby I had to take a pep pill to get excited. Now I am a nervous wreck. Carry Back is a tough horse for Jack to train. When he was a 2-year-old he made Jack slip a disc. Just after the Metropolitan this year, Jack was walking him around and Carry Back stepped on Jack's foot and hurt him.

"So you see," concluded Katherine Price, "Jack worries so much about Carry Back and I worry about Jack. This is Carry Back's last year and, truthfully, we want to get out of the limelight. But before we do, Carry Back deserves a chance to run in Europe, to compete against the best horses there." Indeed he does.

END

Amos Stagg: a century of honesty

On August 16, Amos Alonzo Stagg celebrates his 100th birthday. One of football's greatest innovators, Stagg coached for 70 years, but his lasting mark as a man is his unyielding idealism



Drawing by Arthur Shwartz

It is not always so grand to be the grand old man. Amos Alonzo Stagg will be 100 next week. Once he heard the dissonant cry of the football crowd; now it is the muted prattle of old ladies in a rest home in Stockton, Calif. The jaw that once jutted firm on the sidelines of Chicago Stadium is slack. The blue eyes are clouded by cataracts; the left one droops. His hair is wispy and white as tissue. At 96, he ran laps around the fig trees in his backyard. Now, as if prodded by the uncompromising voice within him that has always demanded Spartan discipline, he insists on frequent walks on the patio of the rest home, out in the sun. But he must be led by the hand. In the last six months he has drawn inward and become occupied with his infirmities. He coached for 70 years, until he

was 98, but he has become, at last, an old man. On occasion, though, he brightens, and there is a touch of the wryness that often characterized his vigorous life: "I may go on forever," he says, "because statistics show that few men die after the age of 100."

On August 16, his birthday, 10,000 Americans will toast his greatness. Speechmakers at extravagant banquets will review his achievements as player, coach, innovator, teacher, unstinting disciplinarian, humanitarian, father, citizen, Christian and—at New Haven—Yale man. Typically unmoved by such effulgent displays, Stagg, dressed in his plaid flannel bathrobe and plaid slippers, sat in the Stockton sun the other day and, haltingly, expressed a wish. "I would . . . like to be remembered," he

said quietly, "... as an honest man."

Amos Alonzo Stagg is so honest he twice was asked to referee games his own teams played in. Football to him was a means to an end: teaching young men to be honorable. The churlish father in *My Fair Lady* cracks that the world "is always throwing goodness at you, but with a little bit of luck a man can duck." There was no ducking Stagg. He force-fed his own impeccable standards to his players and to his family, and though some eventually strayed, he was adored for what he believed and, rarer, practiced.

Puppy Waldorf, who coached against him, compared Stagg to a "giant Sequoia that looms over the forest—hardy, sturdy, long-lived, an object of admiration and inspiration." . . . (Stagg at his

prime was 5 foot 6 and weighed 160.) Years after he was an assistant to Stagg, Fritz Crisler snuffed out a cigarette in the palm of his hand when he saw the old man approaching. At Stagg's 94th birthday party UCLA Coach Red Sanders, who had just been caught in a recruiting violation, took his seat on the rostrum and said sheepishly, "Jesse James will now break bread with a saint."

The story of Stagg has been told so often that some people would like to ignore it. But it is true and worth retelling: born a cobbler's son in West Orange, N.J., at the time Stonewall Jackson was advancing on Manassas; the best college baseball pitcher of his age; an aspirant to the ministry who decided he couldn't preach ("I stammered terribly") and turned instead to coaching.

At Yale, where he lived on soda crackers in a garret, he contracted beriberi. Still, he pitched his team to five straight championships, completing every game he started, and once struck out Ten Thousand Dollar Kelly of the Boston Nationals (the Babe Ruth of the 1880s) with three pitched balls.

He was on Walter Camp's first All-America football team, became the University of Chicago's first head coach in 1892. He was there 41 years, pioneering every aspect of the game, from such basics as the huddle to the intricacies of the T formation. In 1943, when he was 81 years old and coaching at the College of

the Pacific, Stagg outpolled Notre Dame's Frank Leahy and was named Coach of the Year. His No. 1 side at COP feared he would coach forever. Apparently Stagg planned to. At 85, he went to Susquehanna to assist his son Alonzo Jr.—and signed a 10-year contract.

Boss and salvager

"Formally, he was my assistant; practically, he was in charge," says Alonzo Jr., now 63 and a stockbroker in Chicago. The first-born son, Lonnie was given a letter (below) that was supposed to go to him at his father's death. Stagg Jr. got it when he was 35, and his father still had a third of his career to go.

"To disagree with my father was like breaking with God," Lonnie Stagg said recently. "His logic was unimpeachable. I bought a motorcycle once for \$15 without his permission. With great care, and without raising his voice, he explained why he preferred I not keep it. 'You're bigger in a car,' he said. I sold the motorcycle the same day. When I was just 9, lightning struck a tree within 20 feet of us. I fell to the ground in a fright. 'Why, Amos,' said my father, 'you mustn't let things like that disturb you.' He had not moved an inch. I was human, but he was different."

Neither Alonzo Jr. nor his brother Paul, 55, athletic director at the University of the Pacific, smokes or drinks. Their sister Ruth, now Mrs. J. Alon

Lauren of Chicago, is not so convinced that these things are evil. She enjoys a cocktail, and admits, too, that she never particularly cared to play tennis, her father's favorite pastime. "I was the girl in the family," she says, "and I had to suffer for it. I could never have white shoes and they always had to be square-toed. For my health. Low heels, very plain. Once I frizzed up my hair in front, and my father cut it off. He was very strict. But he loved us. I'm positive of that."

Stagg's wife Stella, who caught his eye "playing men's basketball in her bloomers" as a Chicago coed, lives alone now in the modest, cream-colored frame house on West Euclid Ave. in Stockton. They rented the house 29 years ago because Stagg didn't think he'd live long enough to buy it. (The Associated Press first wrote his obituary in 1933.) Stella Stagg cares for herself, but at 87 is no longer able to attend her husband. She keeps busy with Stagg's correspondence and rammages among the bookcases and orange crates that brim with trophies, plaques, portraits and old baseballs.

Originally jealous of his attention to football, Stella Stagg learned to diagram plays and to scout opponents, and to make his utilitarian meals palatable for the family. Once he showed her a new play he was going to spring on a COP opponent. She quickly worked out a defense for it. "That'll stop your play," she said. Stagg scratched his white head,

continued

A YOUNG FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON

June 23, 1900

To My Son, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Jr.

You are only a little fellow now—a trifle over 14 months old; but I have loved you so dearly since you came that it has been on my mind to write you a letter in the event of my being taken away at any time before I have had a chance to tell you many things which you need to know.

Your father wants his Boy first of all to love, protect and care for his Mother, giving to her the same kind of measure of love and devotion which she has given to you.

Second, your father wants his Boy to be sincere, honest and upright. Be your true self always. Hate dishonesty and trickery no matter how big and how great the thing desired may be.

Third, your father wants you to have a proper independence of thought. . . . Think matters out for yourself always where it relates to your own conduct and act *honestly* afterwards.

Fourth, your father wants you to be an American in democracy. Treat everybody with courtesy and as your equal until he proves his unworthiness to be so treated. The man and the soul are what count—not wealth, nor family, nor appearance.

Fifth, your father wants you to abhor evil. No curiosity, no

imagination, no conversation, no story, no reading which suggests impurity of life is worthy of your thought or attention and I beg you *never to yield for an instant* but turn your thought to something good and helpful.

Sixth, train yourself to be master of yourself, of your thought and imagination and temper and passion and appetite and of your body. Hold all absolutely under your will. Allow no thought nor imagination, nor passion, nor appetite to injure your mind or body. Your father has never used intoxicating liquors, nor tobacco, nor profane language. He wants his Boy to be like him in this regard.

Seventh, your father wants his Boy enthusiastic and earnest in all of his interests, his sports, his studies, his work; and he wants him *always* to keep an active, actual participation in each so long as he lives. It is my judgment that one's life is most healthy and most successful when lived out on such a basis.

Eighth, your father wants his son to love God as He is revealed to him; which after all will be the revelation of all that I have said and left unsaid of good to you, my precious Boy.

Affectionately,
Your Father

Athletes Foot VICTIMS!



agonizing athletes foot
with stinging medications!

Soothe it away *painlessly*,
block its return with new
QUINSANA Triple-Action POWDER

- ① Frees feet from itch and pain. Medication quickly helps heal raw cracks.
- ② Destroys athlete's foot fungus *gavily*—never burns inflamed tissues.
- ③ Blocks return of athlete's foot—use Quinsana regularly.



Don't burn open cracks or raw itching skin with painful liquids. Soothe away athlete's foot torment with cool, Quinsana Powder. Itch stops. Cracks heal. Quinsana helps stop spread of athlete's foot *fast*, blocks its return when used regularly. Kills odor-causing bacteria, too. So get new, cool

QUINSANA by Mennen

FOOTBALL

puzzling. He padded off to the kitchen for a glass of water. Finally he returned. "He had a gleam in his eye and an craver in his hand," says Mrs. Stagg. "You can't stop it now," he said with triumph, and erased one of my players. "You were using 12 men."

There is no swimming pool in the Stagg backyard, no big car in front. For all his success, Stagg lived without frills. "Money," he said, "is damnation," and he never had much. The Giants offered him \$4,200 to play baseball in 1888; he refused because there were saloons in big-league ball parks. He once passed up a \$300 speaking engagement because it meant missing a practice. His salary never exceeded \$8,500, yet he contributed annually to the Yale fund, made a \$3,000 cash donation to the College of the Pacific to purchase a 24-acre tract adjoining the stadium and donated \$1,000 for chimes to the University of Chicago, stipulating that the alma mater be played at 10:05 each night as a signal for football players to get to bed.

The only real money he ever made was by cashing in on a 100,000-to-3 long shot; two life-term insurance policies, for \$690 and \$10,000, that reached maturity in 1958. He was once offered \$300,000 for the movie rights to his life story. It was to star Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, who bore marked resemblances to the Staggs. When he turned it down, his sons were aghast. "It's my life," said Stagg, "and I don't expect my sons to tell me how to run it. I wouldn't give the money to you, anyway. I'd give it to the university."

The only tangible rewards Stagg gave his players were sweaters and letters. Stagg abhorred recruiting of any sort and was never told—or perhaps did not want to be told—that there were players on scholarship at COP. He said that recruiting breeds dishonesty and was not right for a coach whose profession should be "one of the noblest and most far-reaching in building manhood. No man is too good to be the athletic coach for youth."

Until he went to the rest home six months ago, where he will live out his days, Stagg mowed his lawn with a hand mower. "He mowed that lawn to death," says Stella Stagg. One day a neighbor advised him that kids had been playing on it daily, ripping up the turf. "You'll never raise grass that way," he said. "So," answered Stagg, "I'm not raising grass. I'm raising boys."

END

budget-priced
35mm camera takes
interchangeable lenses



YASHICA PENTA-J

single lens reflex

Even at its low-low price, the Penta-J accepts a host of interchangeable wide angle and telephoto lenses—special accessories, too. Has new "180-WAY" finder for more accurate focusing and composing. f2 Yashicon 50mm lens with semi-auto diaphragm, automatic mirror, speeds from 1/2 to 1/200th plus "B," many more features. Less than \$130. See your photo dealer for exact retail prices or write Dept. B.

YASHICA INC. 3011 So. Western Blvd. Rochester, N.Y. 14626

"YOU, TOO, CAN PLAY IN THE 70's!"

Ben Hogan

In his best selling book, "The Modern Fundamentals of Golf," Ben Hogan shows you how to break 80 and get more fun out of every round you play. In five carefully illustrated lessons, he covers all aspects of your swing—from "The Grip" to "The Downswing"... promises to help you develop a correct, powerful swing that will repeat. Right now, Sports Illustrated readers can order this handsome volume at a special low price: only \$3.75. Send your name and address to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Dept. 7301, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. We'll be glad to bill you later. (Note: on "charge" orders, a few cents to cover postage and handling will be included on your bill.)

FIVE LESSONS: THE MODERN FUNDAMENTALS OF GOLF by Ben Hogan. Artful size 7 1/2" x 10 1/2", over 100 "photographic drawings". Printed in extra large, bold type for easy reference.



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A family affair

The most formidable family bridge team to be assembled in recent years is the Beckers: B. Jay Becker, his brother Simon, B. Jay's two sons, Mike and Steve, and Simon's son, Robert. During a recent team event, somebody asked Jay how the team of Becker, Becker, Becker and Becker was doing, and his answer was, "Not as well as it sounds." But there is every likelihood that, given a bit more experience, the boys will live up to the illustrious tournament records of their fathers, both of whom have played for the U.S. in international competition.

In the following deal, played in the Reisinger Team Championship of the Eastern States tournament, Steve and Mike managed the defense so as to make the spade 5 the high trump, thanks, in part, to a suit-preference signal.

A teen-ager like Mike Becker might be expected to over-

estimate the power of the East hand, but sound bidding is a Becker family tradition. Operating entirely from his own hand, East could never take more than seven tricks with hearts as trumps. Indeed, a perfectly timed defense would hold him to six, assuming that North-South could collect their three spades, one diamond and one club trick before leading the third round of clubs that would make a winner of South's heart 10. Mike's two-heart bid was reasonable, but he could not safely compete above that level.

Playing against four spades, Mike won brother Steve's lead of the singleton heart and returned the 3 for West to ruff. This lead of a low card was a suit-preference signal. It told partner to return the lower of the other side suits after he had ruffed. The name of Becker has come to be associated with suit-preference signals because B. Jay Becker has written so much about them.

Without the signal, West might have been tempted to return a diamond in the hope that East could ruff. In fact, East could have demanded such a return by leading an unnecessarily high card if he had been void of diamonds. However, with the club return, East won the club ace and launched the uppercut procedure that eventually built his 5 of spades into the setting trick. He led back another low heart to insure that his partner would force one of dummy's honors if, as his previous ruff with the 6 suggested, he had a high enough trump to do so.

West trumped with the spade 9 to force dummy's jack. When the spade queen was led, East covered with the king, forcing South's ace. Declarer got back to dummy with a diamond to lead the spade 7 and East covered with the 8. South had to take this trick with the 10, and East's spade 5 was now the high trump, good for the setting trick.

If East had returned the high jack of hearts, West might have trumped the trick with the useless 9 of spades anyway. But East didn't leave his partner anything to wonder about. And, of course, without the high ruff by West, declarer would have been able to pick up the trumps without a further loser, thus bringing home his game contract.

EXTRA TRICK

Pay attention to the spot cards. They can tell you a great deal about the distribution of the unseen hands. And sometimes, when they are properly promoted, they can be turned into aces.

END

East-West vulnerable
East dealer



Opening lead: 2 of hearts

*Paris news:
all in love
with leather*

For sportswear-loving American women, who are currently beguiled by suede (SI, March 5), the happy surprise from Paris last week was the news that the French rulers of high fashion share their passion for deerskin, calfskin, kidskin and goat. At the opening of his fall couture collection Guy Laroche showed quilted coats of suede over suede collottes. Marc Bohan of Dior lined blue suede with nutria. Yves St. Laurent had a whole group of dresses and skirts of a fabric that looked like black patent leather. Leather fatigue hats, suede berets, leather jewelry, were everywhere. Even Balenciaga, elegant master of the beaded ballgown and the beautiful suit, startled his customers with buckskin vests over tweed skirts. *Women's Wear Daily* called it "a great collection for today's new way of living—a sporting look for the open air." The fall leathers (and on the following page an old favorite which has become a new hit) are shown in the open air of the chateau town of Chantilly.

Photograph: Jacques Gode

DEERSKIN SUIT, with the sheen of pewter, is worn on garden walk by Maryll Orsini. Guy Laroche designed jacket's easy lines, pleated skirt.





CALFSKIN SHAWL does double duty... matching black calfskin skirt on one side, honey wool-crepe blouse on the other. This ensemble from Cardin is shown by Juliette de Bie near Pavillon St-Hubert in Chantilly.

KIDSKIN SUIT, with the glow of burgundy wine, comes from Nina Ricci boutique, which fitted its double-breasted jacket with a chin-strapping collar. Maryll wears it in the garden of a country inn near Paris.



SUEDE SHIRT, almost as long as a nightshirt, has slits in the sides for easy pocket access and the saddle stitching characteristic of famous house of Hermès. Molly Babcock wears shirt over plaid wool pants.

CONTINUED

*The culotte
gets a
leg up, too*

The divided skirt, or culotte, long worn by women for golf, tennis and such fence-climbing sports as beagling, is another Paris hit this season—and is sure to be repeated all over America. Marc Bohan has a "Pamidon" for Dior; Lacroix has suede culottes; Simonetta-Fabiani even has full-length culottes for evening wear. The sportiest culotte of all comes with Hermes' new catvies shooting suit worn here by Juliette de Bric. She is comfortably propped on a shooting stick on the grounds of the Chateau de Chantilly.



THE METS

Continued from page 24

you can't make against them is that their pitchers throw spitters.

"Spitters?" Stengel says. "I can't get them to throw regular pitches good."

Basically, the trouble with the Mets is the way they play baseball. It is an unchanging style of walks, passed balls, bulks, missed signs, errors, overrun bases and bad throws. You see it every time. It doesn't matter what day you watch the Mets play or if they win or lose. With this team, nothing changes. Only the days.

On July 22, for example, the Mets were in Cincinnati for a doubleheader. They not only lost both games, but they also had four runners thrown out at home plate in the course of the day. Nobody could remember when this had happened before, probably because it hadn't. What made it frightening was the ease with which the Mets brought the feat off. You got the idea that they could get four runners thrown out at the plate any day they wanted to.

In the first game Choo Choo Coleman was out trying to score from second on a single to left. In the second game Stengel jauntily ordered a double steal in the second inning. He had Cannizzaro on first and Hot Rod Kanchei at third. Cannizzaro took off and drew a throw. Kanchei broke for the plate. The Cincinnati shortstop, Cardenas, cut it off, threw home, and that took care of Kanchei. In the fourth inning Elvio Chacon tried to score from first when the Reds moved up a fly in the outfield. But Vada Pinson finally got to the ball, and his throw home beat Chacon by a couple of steps. In the fifth inning Jim Hickman was on third. He broke for the plate as Rod Kanchei hit the ball. Kanchei hit the ball square at third. The throw had Hickman by a yard.

The day before that, Roger Craig, the team's version of a big pitcher, had gone over to Stengel and volunteered for relief pitching in the doubleheader, if he were needed. Stengel nodded. It was nice of Craig to say he would work between starts. And the next day the Mets certainly did need Craig. Going into the ninth inning with a 3-3 tie against the Reds, Stengel called on Roger to save the day. Roger took his eight warmup pitches. Then he threw two regular pitches to Marty Keough of the Reds. Keough hit the second one eight miles, and the Reds won 4-3.

Two days later in the first inning of a game in Milwaukee, the Braves had runners on first and second. Henry Aaron hit the ball hard, but Chacon at shortstop made a fine backhanded stop. As Chacon regained balance, he saw Roy McMillan of the Braves running for third. Chacon yelled to Felix Mantilla, the Mets' third baseman. He was going to get McMillan at third on a sensational play. Mantilla backed up for the throw. Then he backed up some more. By the time Chacon threw, Mantilla had hacked up three yards past the base and when he caught the throw all he could do was listen to the crowd laugh. McMillan had his foot on third.

The Mets fought back, however, and had the game tied 4-4 in the 12th. Casey called on a new pitcher to face the Braves in this inning. He was R. G. Miller, making his first appearance as a Met. At the start of the season, R. G. was managing a car agency and had no intention of playing baseball. Then Wad Matthews, the Mets' talent scout, came around to talk to him. Miller, Matthews had found, needed only 18 days in the major leagues to qualify as a five-year man under the baseball players' pension. R. G. had spent a couple of years with Detroit before deciding to quit.

\$125 a month

"Go to Syracuse for us," Matthews said, "and if you show anything at all we'll bring you up. Then you can put in your 18 days. When you reach 50, you'll get about \$125 every month until they put you in a box."

Miller went out front and spoke to the boss. The job would be waiting for him after the season, Miller was told. So Miller went to Syracuse. He pitched well enough to be brought up. Now he came out of the Mets' bullpen to take on the Milwaukee Braves.

Miller loosened up easily, scuffed the dirt, looked down and got the sign and glared at Del Crandall, the Milwaukee batter. Then Miller threw a slider, and Crandall hit a home run. Miller, with his first pitch of the year, had lost a game.

"He makes the club," everybody on the Mets was saying.

Marvin Throneberry, the fast-running first baseman, has had his share of travail this year, too. In fact, anytime you meet some oldtimer who tries to bore you with colorful stories, you can shut him up quickly with two Marvin Throneberry stories for every one he has about

Continued

Cushion the FALL!

IN THE SHOG COMFORT, W

Wigwam SOCKS

Wigwam socks are made of the finest quality materials and are designed to provide maximum comfort and cushioning. They are available in a variety of styles and colors to suit your taste.

You'll like the way Wigwams hold their shape and their cushioned comfort... through repeated wearings and washings. They're STA-SIZED Shrink Treated! Many styles, weights and colors... at leading department and sporting goods stores.

WIGWAM MILLS, INC.
Shaboygan, Wisconsin
For a free Wigwam Sock Book, write to: Wigwam Mills, Inc., P.O. Box 100, Shaboygan, Wis. 53089

for every sport and everyday wear, too!

Rich... must... mildly aromatic

BOND STREET

the pipe tobacco that stays lit

MALCO REMOVE RUST, CORROSION FAST

USE FOR INDUSTRIAL REMOVAL OF RUST FROM STEEL, IRON, ALUMINUM, BRASS, COPPER, AND OTHER METALS. ALSO FOR HOME USES ALSO FOR FAST SAFE REMOVAL OF RUST FROM CARBON STEEL.

• Chrome Plating • Weld Not Scratch
• Zinc Plating • Plumbing, etc.

Money Back Guarantee: Clean, polished, corrosion-free, new look, sold anywhere at service stations, automotive shops for a demonstration. Use only Malco's use Malco Products.

MALCO PRODUCTS
ARROW 4, OHIO

players like Babe Herman or Dizzy Dean.

Throneberry is a balding, 28-year-old who comes out of Memphis. He was up with the Yankees and once even opened the season as a first baseman for them. After that, he was with the Kansas City A's and the Orioles. Throneberry is a serious baseball player. He tries, and he has some ability. It's just that things happen when he plays.

contend with a runner on base—and that opened the gates for a four-run Chicago rally.

Marv had a big chance to make good when the Mets came to bat. With two runners on, Marv drove a long shot to the bullpen in right center field. It looked to be a sure triple. Marv flew past first. Well past it. He didn't come within two steps of touching the bag. Then he raced toward second and careened toward third. While all this violent motion was

lowed. "They's teams been established for 30, 40 years and they's still in last place."

Marv has been rankled only once all year. It involved Ed Bouchee, whom Saengel put on first for a couple of games. In San Francisco, Roger Craig, who has a fine pick-off motion for a right-hander, fired to first and had Orlando Cepeda of the Giants clearly nailed. But Bouchee dropped the throw. Two wind-ups later, Craig again fired to first. He had Cepeda



THE METS KNOW HOW TO GOOF and look fresh, serve and originality. At left, Joe Christopher sources the home also being picked off. At

center, Pitcher R. E. Miller studies an unfamiliar object, while First Baseman Gil Hodges urges immediate action. At right, Manager Casey

Take the doubleheader against the Cubs at the Polo Grounds early in the season. In the first inning of the first game Don Landrum of Chicago was caught in a rundown between first and second. Rundowns are not Throneberry's strong point. In the middle of the posse of Mets chasing the Cub, Throneberry found himself face to face with Landrum. The only trouble was Marvin did not have the ball. During a rundown the cardinal rule is to get out of the way if you do not have the ball. If you stand around, the runner will deliberately bang into you, claim interference and the umpire will give it to him.

Which is exactly what happened to Marv. Landrum jumped into his arms and the umpire waved him safely to first. Instead of an out, the Mets now had to

taking place, Ernie Banks, the Cubs' first baseman, casually strolled over to Umpire Dusty Bogges.

"Didn't touch the bag, you know, Dusty," Banks said. Bogges nodded. Banks then called for the ball. The relay came and he stepped on first base. Across the infield Throneberry was standing on third. He was taking a deep breath and was proudly hitching up his belt when he saw the umpire calling him out at first.

It was suggested to Throneberry on a recent evening that his troubles, and those of the entire Mets team, come from unfamiliarity. A year of playing together might help the team considerably, Throneberry was told. Marv took this under consideration.

"I don't know about that," he al-

lowed. "They's teams been established for 30, 40 years and they's still in last place."

Back in New York, when Bouchee stepped out on the field at the Polo Grounds, the fans gave him a good going-over.

"What are you trying to do, steal my fans?" Throneberry complained.

It is a long summer, but the man who is probably finding it longest is Weiss. He is a pale-eyed, bulky, conservative old baseball business man who, as he was saying a couple of weeks ago, is not used to losing.

"I've been in baseball since 1919," George said, "and this is only the second time I have had a second-division team. My first year in baseball I had the New

Haven't, but we finished seventh. That was in the Eastern League. This year is, I must say, a bit of an experience with me. No, it is certainly not a funny thing to me. But you could say I am not doing things halfway. When I finally get in the second division, I really get there.

"The job this year was simply to get a club started. Why, we couldn't even hire office personnel at first because we didn't have an office. Now we have what I think is the finest office in the



Stengel and Catcher Chris Cannizzaro have found displaying typical Mets joie de vivre.

major. Of course we don't want to confine ourselves to leading the league in office space. The future depends on how hard we work now. The main thing is to build up our scouting staff. We had great scouts with the Yankees. Kritchell, Devine, Greenwade. We have Wid Matthews now, but we have to wait until contract time and some of the other good scouts become dissatisfied with their organizations. Then we can make moves. But right now all we can do is hope the players come along and it gets a little better. Anyway the manager is doing a fine job, isn't he?"

The manager certainly is. This is, everybody agrees, Casey Stengel's finest year. When he was running the Yankees and winning 10 pennants and becoming a legend, Casey never really struck you as

continued

KING LOUIE BOWLING SHIRTS WITH ARNEL

America's favorite shirt for its No. 1 sport



Get the outstanding stock in **King Louie** for the money you'll find yourself with every time you go bowling. The King Louie is a favorite of all ages. So far, King Louie has sold over 100,000 shirts. It's the only shirt you can't find without "King Louie" on it. It's made in two colors, full price (about \$8.00), and a special price (about \$4.00). It's a sporty, good value and the only favorite bowling shirt. Call or write for more information. **Arnel Corporation**, 1000 N. 10th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53233.

Arnel... a *Celanece* contemporary fiber

after the city, before the state the ZONE keeps your mail from being late

The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to include zone number when writing to these cities; be sure to include *your* zone number in *your* return address — after the city, before the state.

Get to the Root of Athlete's Foot

RINGWORM, OTHER FUNGUS INFECTION

with New NP-27 Treatment

—AND THAT FUNGUS IS DEAD FOREVER!

Kills fungus under skin surface—even penetrates into toenails. Promotes growth of healthy tissue. Guards against new infections.

Laboratory tests prove NP-27 Liquid not only works under skin surface to kill fungus while it breeds and spreads—but even penetrates into toenails. Works in vital under-skin layers where ordinary remedies cannot reach.

Using new NP-27 Liquid-Powder Treatment, doctors in two leading clinics found that

Athlete's Foot, Ringworms and other fungus infections, even stubborn cases, clear up usually within two weeks, often in less than 7 days. As part of the treatment, new NP-27 Medicated Powder dries the foot perspiration that helps fungus grow, eliminates surface fungus, soothes chafed skin, guards against new infections.

New NP-27 Treatment (Liquid and Medicated Powder) guarantees effective relief—or full refund from your druggist.



You're really in in "Orlon"... in style, comfort, neatness

The beggy look is out because "Orlon" is in! And you're really in... in handsome sport coats of wool blended with "Orlon" acrylic fiber. Wrinkles? They're out because "Orlon" gives them the brush off. The stay-neat shape is in. Styles? Very, very in... in "Orlon". Can't be out this fall. Get this luxury-soft sport coat containing "Orlon" at fine stores everywhere. Superbly tailored by **BROOKFIELD**
BOYS AND STUDENTS' CLOTHES



THE METS

the one they wrote of in the newspapers. His doubletalk was pleasant, but it had a bit of show business lacquer to it. And he could be rough on young players. Norman Siebern, at one time a tremendous outfield prospect, never really got over a couple of tongue-lashings from Casey. And Bobby Richardson and Cleve Boyer were not the most relaxed players in the world under Stengel.

But here with the Mets, at age 77, Stengel is everything you ever read or heard about him. The man has compassion, humor and, above all, class. There is no grouching, and no screaming that players are letting him down. Mr. Stengel came to baseball this year ready to stand up no matter how rough it became. Well, it has become awful rough and he is standing up as nobody ever has. And trying. He talks to the players and he makes all the moves he knows. When they do not work out, he simply takes off his cap, wipes his forehead, then jams it back over his eyes and takes it from there.

The old Stengel magic

In these instances when he does have the material to work with in a situation, that old, amazing Stengel magic is still there. Two weeks ago in St. Louis, the Mets won two of a five-game series against the Cards and one of the games was a result of Stengel's moves.

Curt Simmons, a left-hander, was pitching for the Cards, and Stengel sent up Gene Woodling, a left-handed batter, to pinch-hit. Normally, this is not protocol. But Simmons had been coming in with a screw ball as his best pitch. In a left-against-left situation, a screw ball breaks toward the hitter and is easy to follow. Simmons had to go with a fast ball. Woodling hit it on top of the roof in right and the Mets had two runs and a ball game.

"I remembered another thing," Casey said after the game. "Once when I had Ford going for 20 games over with the Yankees Woodling beats him with a home run down in Baltimore. What the hell, don't tell me he can't hit a left-hander. I remember him doing it, and that's why I put him in there."

A few lookers down, Woodling was talking about the manager.

"I was with him for five championships with the Yankees," he was saying, "and he and I had our differences. It's nothing new. Everybody knew that. But

I've never seen anybody like him this year. This is a real professional."

You could see it a day later, when Casey and his Mets came into the dressing room after losing a doubleheader to the Cards. The manager had a wax container of beer in his hand and he was growling about a call that he said cost him the first game.

"The man don't even know the rules," Casey was saying. "My man was in a rundown between third and home and when he tries to go to home the catcher trips him right on the baseline. You could see the chalk was all erased. The umpire don't call it. Costs me a game. It was an awful thing."

He kept talking about this one play, as if nothing else had happened during the long afternoon. He was going to give "my writers," as he calls newspapermen, something to put in the paper the next day. And maybe it would give these 25 beaten players getting dressed in the room with him something to get mad about. Maybe it would help a little.

When he stopped rasping about the play for a moment, he was asked about a couple of particularly costly plays by Throneberry and Charlie Neal.

"Aaahhh!" Casey said. "Bonehead. They was bonehead plays. Damn bonehead plays." His eyes flashed.

No broken furniture

Then he leaned back and spoke in a soft voice. "Look," he said, "I can't change a man's life. I got four or five guys who are going to make it up here. The rest of them, we just got to get along with. I'm not goin' to start breakin' furniture because of them. It's the man and I got him and I can't change his life."

Then he got dressed and a guy named Freddie picked up his suitcase and led him out of the dressing room. They had a taxicab waiting across the street, in front of an old, one-story brick-front place named Gus & Marge's Tavern. Casey pushed through the crowd and got into the taxi. He was carrying on a running conversation with the crowd as he shut the door and the taxi started to pull away.

It was, you figured, the way it should be. For over 50 years now, Casey Stengel has been getting into taxis in front of old saloons across the street from a ball park. He has done this with great teams and with bad teams. Now he has the worst outfit anybody ever saw. But even if the players don't belong, Stengel does. He'll be back next year.

God help him.

END



**Protects
the life of your
engine best—
Quaker State
Motor Oil**

MADE FROM 100%
PURE PENNSYLVANIA
GRADE CRUDE OIL



George Tames of the New York Times received the 1962 Grand Award and First Prize of the White House News Photographers Association for his Nikon photo *Loneliest Job In The World*.



Tommy Bolt's wee touches of temper have led him to cast golf clubs upon the water, but now he casts fishing lures (sometimes) as he tells those around him how to achieve serenity

Tommy Bolt sat in the center of a group of callers who had gathered in the waterfront backyard of his home in Crystal River, Fla. There had been some small talk, but now there was a lull in the conversation. There was no sound except the call of a faraway bird. The river, deep and clear, sparkled in the late-morning sun. A light breeze came up. It was a rare moment of tranquillity. Suddenly Tommy Bolt jumped from his chair, extended his arms appealingly and cried out: "Let's everybody just relax! There's no need for pressure here. Remember, pals, Rome wasn't built in a day, and it took *Hogon Trudy* two years to get through Kansas."

Everybody present promptly went into action. Tommy Walker Bolt, not quite 3, picked up a golf club, swung himself completely around and sat down heavily. His mother, Mary Lou Bolt, wearing a beach robe over her swimsuit, gathered up the iced-tea glasses and hurried into the house. Jim Wright, who handles Tommy Bolt endorsements and manages his business enterprises, pulled out a notebook and began scribbling rapidly. A man from a golf cart company rummaged in his briefcase, Lou Cappola, the high school football coach, got up and shook himself. A city man fumbled for a cigarette, lit up and inhaled deeply.

THE HAPPY MASTER OF HOG HEAVEN

by GERALD HOLLAND

Tommy Bolt was visibly pleased by all these small activities. Obviously, at age 44, he had cast himself in a new role. A man notorious for his horrendous temper tantrums on the golf course, he was now, consciously or unconsciously, dedicated to stirring up other people in order that he might calm them down.

In his time, Bolt had played many another part: the poor boy on the move with his family through Oklahoma, Louisiana and Texas; the caddy who saved up his tips to buy his first set of clubs in partnership with his brother; the worker on construction jobs who learned to be a carpenter; the public links player who rose to be the National Open champion of 1958; the big-time professional who has been prospering on his fringe benefits if not in recent tournaments—ever since.

Along the way, Tommy Bolt became the pride and the despair of the world of golf. He was admired as a shot-maker of extraordinary grace and style, as a competitor who added dash and color and excitement to every tournament field, as a star who never lost his country boy's wit and charm, as a soft touch for traveling caddies and a sucker for co-signing bank loans. What shocked and unnerved the golf world was the fact that this same amiable Tommy

continued



Bolt was also capable of great and terrible rages. He broke clubs, threw clubs, hurled shoes, walked out of tournaments, and used language deemed unbecoming a men's locker room. He was fined, rebuked and suspended. His conduct was deplored in England and South Africa. Some sportswriters denounced him, others admonished him more in pain than in anger. One writer composed an open letter quoting King Solomon and beseeching reform.

Tommy always promised. Again and again he announced that he had seen the error of his ways. Sometimes he shared the credit for his "reformation" with others: perhaps with Bishop Fulton Sheen or Dr. Norman Vincent Peale or the editors of the *Reader's Digest*. Once he said his whole personality had been changed through a prayer for serenity that had been sent to him by a hard-drinking old buddy who had himself seen the light.

In his backyard this summer day, the 1962 edition of Tommy Bolt walked about, searching the faces of his guests for signs of worry or tension that they themselves might not yet be aware of. In his \$85 fawn-colored slacks, his flaming-red sports shirt and his narrow-brim, pure-white straw hat, he looked like L.P. Abernethy dressed up.

He stopped and put a hand on the broad shoulder of his friend, Coach Cappola. "Don't be nervous, Lou," he counseled. "Watch that self-control. Remember what the Bible says. He that ruleth his spirit is better than he who taketh a city." He looked around to observe the effect of the quotation on the others. "I got that," he said, "from one of the open letters a sportswriter sent me."

Lou Cappola nodded. He is locally celebrated for the self-control he had shown one day two years ago when Tommy Bolt, on the bench as honorary assistant football coach, had run out on the field to tackle a runner, a show of enthusiasm which could have cost Crystal River High a 15-yard penalty, but Tommy missed the tackle.

Bolt moved over to the city man and asked: "Now isn't this better'n that old rat race up North?"

"Oh, yes," said the city man. "Why, I'm really unwinding down here. This air is just great. I'm sleeping like a top. Once I hit that old pillow I'm gone."

Bolt shook his head. "Pal," he said, "there's the cause of all your ailments."

"I haven't got any ailments," protested the city man.

"I'm referring to pillows," said Tommy. "Never sleep on a pillow, pal. It's the worst thing you can do. It leads to backaches and stiff neck. Now you listen to me. Get those pillows off your bed tonight. You call for the hotel maid and get you a bed board to put under the mattress."

"I'll do that," said the city man, rubbing the back of his neck and moving his head around in a circle.

"Or better yet," said Tommy, "get out of that bed altogether. Spread out your sheet on the floor and sleep there."

Tommy walked over to his son, still struggling with the man-size golf club. He leaned over and adjusted the child's

grip. "Son," he said, "pretty soon you're going to have your own set of clubs. This old driver is just too big for you. But you keep on practicing there."

He straightened up and examined his own hands, clenching his fist, then extending his fingers and examining them closely. "I got to get in some practice this afternoon. I got to get in maybe 18. I've been doing too much automobile driving these past few days." He spread his fingers and showed them around. "You see there?" he said. "I am plainly suffering from steering-wheel grip."

"Tommy," said Jim Wright, "about this new gasoline-engine golf cart. If Mary Lou intends to use it to go shopping, we'll have to get a license plate for it. We could drive over to Inverness and pick it up right now."

"Whoa, Jimbo," said Tommy. "Let's not get stampeded here. No sweat, pal. Take it easy."

"I just meant," said Jim Wright, "that you can't drive a vehicle on the highway without a license plate. It wouldn't make a hit with the state police."

"Oh," said Tommy, "I wouldn't let that bother me. I'd drive the vehicle over to the club if I felt like it. I wouldn't care if it harleipped every cow in Texas. I'd tell those state police that I'm driving a vehicle in transit. Understand me? In transit—on my way to get a license."

"Well," said Jim Wright, "you might be able to get away with it."

"Certainly," said Tommy, walking to the bright-red golf cart. "My, my," he exclaimed. "ain't she a beauty?"

"This will be known," said the golf cart man eagerly, "as the Tommy Bolt model Caddy Car. You see your signature there with the bolt of lightning after it? Just like you sign it?"

"I believe," said Tommy, "that she'll go 96 holes on a tankful of gas."

"That's correct, sir," said the golf cart man. "No worrying about recharging batteries. Terrific power in this engine. We've put it through some tough tests on very steep grades."

"It is a beauty," said Tommy. He patted the stomach of the golf cart man. "Protein is your answer, pal."

The golf cart man flushed. "Yeah, I know. I wish I had your wasteline, Tommy."

"Protein eats up fat," Tommy went on. "Now, I take but two meals a day. Just coffee in the morning, then maybe a late breakfast at the Green Tavern consisting of eggs, grits, sausage with the grease fried out and hot cornbread. Steak and possibly turnip greens or beet tops and maybe a baked potato for dinner. A little whisky will stimulate the digestive juices. Personally, I favor the brand [Haig & Haig] which used to put half a dollar in the pocket of President Kennedy's daddy for every empty bottle."

"Tommy," said Coach Cappola, "I've got to run along. I enjoyed the visit."

"Take it slow and easy, old buddy," said Tommy, putting his arm around his friend. "We live but once."

The coach walked to his car, waved and drove away.

"Pals," Tommy said solemnly, "there goes the smartest coach in Citrus County. He got along with a squad of only 15

boys last season. He is truly the miracle man of Crystal River football."

He walked over to where the city man was sitting and peered down at his scalp. "Brush the hair vigorously three times daily," he prescribed. "Before bedtime massage the bald spot briskly with the fingertips so as to stimulate the blood flow and irrigate the hair roots."

"Tommy," said the golf cart man, "we want to get some color pictures of you and the Caddy Car. Now, since you've been voted the best-dressed man in golf by your fellow pros, it will make a great shot. And we'd like to have Mrs. Bolt in the picture, too. She's very photogenic, if I may say so."

"Speak freely, pal," said Tommy. He frowned. "Only trouble with taking color pictures is I got no shoes."

"No shoes?" exclaimed Jim Wright. "Why, Tommy, what are you talking about? You must have a couple of dozen pairs of shoes in the house right now!"

"True, Jimbo," said Tommy, "but what kind of shoes have I got? Brown and whites and black and whites and all-whites, yes. But my green shoes, my blue shoes, my raspberry shoes—they are in Texas along with my other Cadillac and my Pontiac. All I got here is my conservative shoes."

"That's no problem," said the golf cart man. "We could get a good color shot of you and Mrs. Bolt sitting in the cart and the shoes wouldn't even show. Nobody would know the difference if the shoes happened to clash with the rest of your outfit."

"But I would know," said Tommy. The city man got up from his chair and walked over, rubbing his hair.

"Tommy," he said, "may I ask just what happens when you decide to wear your—well, say, your blue shoes. Where do you go from there?"

"Oh," said Tommy, "I could go in many directions. Maybe I'd wear some dark-red, some maroon slacks and a blue shirt and a white straw hat. That's just one possibility. A lot would depend on my mood, you understand my meaning?"

"You never wear a cap anymore, I notice," said the city man. "You're like Sam Sneed, he always wears a straw "

"True," said Tommy, "but our motives are different. I wear a straw as a fashion piece. Sam wears a straw hat because he is bald-headed. When he had his hair, Sambo didn't mind going bare-headed. Of course, that was long, long before my time."



Always sartorially splendid, Tommy inspects another new shirt. But will it go with his raspberry shoes?

"Well," said the golf cart man, "I'll get going now and line up my photographer." He drew in his stomach. "Much obliged, Tommy," he said, "for those tips about diet." He hurried away.

Tommy turned to the city man.

"Don't be embarrassed," he said.

"I'm not embarrassed," said the city man. "Why would I be embarrassed?"

"About that shirt. You don't want to wear a long-sleeve shirt down here. Besides, the coloring does not suit you. I'll go get you a short-sleeve shirt and then we'll take a nice little host ride on the river. Peaceful and quiet. What do you say, Jimbo?"

Jim Wright nodded, "Fine with me," he said.

continued

Tommy Bolt walked into the house. In a moment, he was back, jangling some keys and holding out a sports shirt for the city man. "Now just slip that on," he said, "and we'll get out on that river and you'll feel all your cares and worries slip away."

The city man made the change and followed Bolt and Wright down to the dock. Moored there was a platform on pontoons. It was powered by an outboard motor.

"This is known," said Tommy Bolt, getting aboard, "as a float boat, spelled F-l-o-a-t-e—B-o-a-t-e in the advertising. It is just perfect for rivers. Now take seats there, pals, and enjoy the scenery. Jimbo, just give her a kick away from the dock."

The boat drifted out. Tommy Bolt took a seat at the steering post and inserted a key in the ignition lock. "Take notice," he said to the city man, "that we have a self-starter here. No yanking of a rope to get the outboard going." He tried to turn the ignition key, but it wouldn't turn. He scowled, but caught himself and smiled brightly.

"The lock seems to be a little stiff," he said. "In need of a little oil, no doubt." The boat drifted along the deep tropical foliage that edged the lawn on the backyard.

"The lock," said Tommy Bolt, jutting out his chin and pursing his lips, "seems to be very stiff." He struggled with the key, ducking the overhanging branches of the trees that lined the shore.

Tommy Bolt's sunburned face got redder still. "We got to stop her," he yelled, "we're liable to drift clear out into the Gulf of Mexico. I could pole her back to shore, but I got no pole." Suddenly he lunged halfway out of the boat and grabbed the branch of an overhanging tree. Hanging on desperately, he cried out, "Mary Lou! Mar-ree Lou!"

Mary Lou Bolt came running to the edge of the dock. She held something aloft in her hand. "You took the wrong keys, Tommy! Here are the boat keys!"

"Don't con a man who's conned a million," Tommy called back over the water. "The tag on these keys says boat keys!"

"I had the lock changed, don't you remember?"

"Well, this is a fine time to tell me! What am I going to do, that is the question at this present time."

"Just hold on, Tommy. I'll swim out with the keys." She tossed her beach robe aside and dived into the water. In a moment she climbed aboard and turned over the keys. Tommy tossed the old set aside and put the new ones in the lock. He turned the key and the outboard started up immediately.

"Now," said Tommy, smiling again, "we are all set. I'll turn around and take you back to the dock, Mary Lou, and I thank you kindly for swimming out."

He moved the gear shift into reverse and gave her the gun. Nothing happened. He moved the shift into a forward position and the boat drifted helplessly. He tried it again both ways.

Tommy Bolt got up from his seat at the wheel. He

walked the length of the boat and back. He glanced at the receding shore. The cords in his neck stood out like pieces of garden hose. Slowly, with a kind of chilling calm, he began to recite a list of particulars and intentions. His first act upon reaching shore, he said, assuming that he ever set foot on dry land again, would be to purchase a sledgehammer with which he would smash the outboard motor into little pieces. He might then attack the pontoons of the so-called F-l-o-a-t-e—B-o-a-t-e and sink it to the river's bottom. He raised his voice, recalling a whole list of grievances. He denounced state cops who would pinch a man for driving a dinky little golf cart without a license plate. He spoke with scorn of uppity waiters who had never heard of turnip greens. He charged that a hex hung over him in this benighted town of Crystal River. He wished never to hear the name of Crystal River mentioned in his presence again. Address all communications, he directed, to T. Bolt, Citrus County, Florida. As he paused for breath,

Afloat on the calm river, an almost calm Bolt is appraised



Mary Lou Bolt, who had been hanging over the rail at the stern, inspecting the outboard, spoke up: "Tommy, I think I see what the trouble is. There's a cable tangled down there. Just a minute, I think I can fix it." She held on to the rail with one hand and leaned down to get at the cable. She straightened up, climbed back over the rail and walked to the wheel. She slipped the gear lever into reverse and the boat responded at once. She moved the lever forward and the craft moved smoothly ahead. She brought the lever back into neutral, smiled at her husband, walked to the rail and stepped over it and plunged into the water, swimming with long, graceful strokes back toward the dock.

Tommy Bolt gripped the rail and watched her until she had climbed up on the dock and turned to wave.

"Pals," he breathed, "there is a girl in a million."

He went back to the wheel and settled himself comfortably there once again. He moved the lever and the

accelerator and the floating platform eased out from the shore, turned and pointed south. There was nothing said for a few moments. Then, moistening his lips, Tommy Bolt began to speak. It was a sort of soliloquy, and fast is his custom when delivering a major statement of his views; he began to enunciate with elaborate precision, lingering over syllables, spelling out words to which he wished to give particular emphasis.

"Can you beat this, pals?" he said. "Am't this hog heaven though? Look at this river, fed by underwater springs and clear as crystal, which explains the name. Hey, did you see that old mullet jump out of the water there? Watch now, he'll jump again. There he is! Ain't that a sight? A mullet ain't a fish, though. A mullet is a vegetarian. You can't get him with a hook, you got to get him in a net. Oh, man, there goes another one!"

He looked from side to side, drinking in the sights. Suddenly, he raved up from his seat at the wheel and cried: "Look at that old pelican up there! You see him? He's getting ready to d-i-e. Watch him now. There he goes! Down he goes and up he comes. There's a fish in that old pelican's bill. My, the fish that are out here. Bass and red-fish and tarpon and blues and snapper and perch and I don't know what. You know we could keep going from here clear out to the Gulf of Mexico? We could, you win my watch if we couldn't. Look back now at that little old house of ours! It wasn't much of a place when we bought it, more of a fishing lodge owned by this gentleman who used it only occasionally. We've built on, we've made improvements, we've put in air conditioning and hi-fi and wall-to-wall. Mary Lou and I don't always agree on records for the hi-fi. What I favor is music that doesn't tax the mind of a man resting up after a tournament. Like that song my old buddy, Dizzy Dean, was singing on the baseball broadcast here the other day. It was entitled *The Great Speckled Bird*."

He stood up and turned to face the two passengers who had survived the morning.

This is the kind of country," he said, throwing out his arms, "that I want my boy to grow up in. I don't want him to be a city slicker, to grow up in some fancy suburb where you got to go around wearing a *tuxedo* all day long. No, pals, this is the country for me. Crystal River, F-4-u-r-t-d-a, garden spot of Citrus County! Where there's no pressure, where a man can truly *re-l-a-x*."

He swung the wheel over and turned home, a man serene, obviously safe from all further vexation. Alas, he was not. Soon after, the vexations in Crystal River multiplied again, until one day Tommy Bolt drove over to Clearwater and filed suit for divorce. Friends of the Bolts hoped that they could iron out their disagreements. Especially since one of Tommy's charges against Mary Lou was that she had—of all things—a *t-e-m-p-e-r*.

END

by her wife Mary Lou and son Tommy.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL THE AMERICAN LEAGUE made up its first entry lists in the National League by taking the second All-Star Game's 9 a.m. lineup as the basis. Home runs by Pete Rose, Tony Gwynn and Rocky Colangelo (the first two only runs in the season-opening) showcased the center for the American League. Both teams made 10 hits, but the National committed two errors. Also, before the AL entered the lead from 12-15(10) at the half-way point, the series began in 1911 and winning Manager Billy Southworth of the National League's Detroit Tigers. Much has this still about three days left.

BOATING Classy discipline was demonstrated after a starting accident, another crash hit and two boats down, but Bill Wagner, 40, was not as fit as he used to be. He missed the 1981 World Cup race on Lake Michigan. He lost and lost 100:04.19. Dallas State's crew of this year's North, who suffered a broken leg in the 1980's only crash.

RANDY RIVER Chandler Harty's 12-month injury which landed him with a 100-point in the American Cup international trials, defeated his teammates, plus 54 other athletes, while winning the 12-month Asian Cup race. The trial ended at the New York Yacht Club's annual (three years). Farnham was also the leading 12-month winner at the conclusion of the season since that made up the team's points. Harty's and North's had lost several 12-month races, but with a race was North's 12-month winner for the first time. The victory was a direct result of the selection of the U.S. defender in the September American Cup competition against Australia's Peter.

FOOTBALL GREEN BAY struggled before finally securing the College All-Star 42-20 in the 25th All-Star Game. Playing before 65,000 fans in Chicago, Soldier Field, Coach Vince Lombardi's powerful Packers entered the last quarter of the game with a 10-point lead over Ohio State's All-Stars, but then went on a 21-point scoring spree. Quarterback Brett Favre led the Packers into three first-line touchdowns for a new record. The passing of Favre, John Elway highlighted the All-Stars' early success and led to being named the game's most valuable player. Backfield lead from both teams came in to bring two previously frustrated All-Stars. Line backs at Kansas and the University of Baylor. When he tried to break up a tight end in the field and was knocked out.

GOLF BORG COLEBY, 31, of Belleville, Ill. stopped making his bags and returned to the course to beat All-Walt in a sudden-death playoff in the \$15,000 American Cup Open in Westchester, Conn. Walt, a second-round 68-hole putt in the final hole, which forced him into a tie at 271 for 72 holes. Goalski was finally able to capture on Walt's back and took the top spot of \$5,500 with a finish on the seventh extra hole, one at the longest putting in his last hole. John Bacon and Arne Norberg lost to each other with 275.

HARKINS SMITH, Walter 6, first winner and undefeated dealer from California, N.C. shot a Sunday put 275 to beat defending champion Shane Barrett by seven strokes and won the Eastern Amateur Championship in Richmond, Va.

JIM MCKINNEY, 12, a Canadian in his first year of the U.S. Junior Championship by defeating junior high school teammate Jim Sullivan 4 and 3 in the final four-stroke match. McKinnon's club coach in Aurora, Ontario, Woods, Mich.

HARNESS RACING—STEADY BEAT (19) held on in the stretch to win his number 10 race and take the \$21,240 Roosevelt Futurity at Roosevelt Raceway. Under the handling of Owen Earl Butler, the 6-year-old gelding made a 2:02.15, the best time this year for a 2-year-old male, on a fairly wet track. The favored Diamond Sash, who had won all six of its starts, finished fourth but was disqualified and placed eighth for bumping My Yankee.

HARNESS RACING—CARRY BACK (15) 2nd, ridden by John Seltzer, lost to the 6-year-old gelding, My Yankee, who won the \$21,240 Roosevelt Futurity at Roosevelt Raceway. Under the handling of Owen Earl Butler, the 6-year-old gelding made a 2:02.15, the best time this year for a 2-year-old male, on a fairly wet track. The favored Diamond Sash, who had won all six of its starts, finished fourth but was disqualified and placed eighth for bumping My Yankee.

year. "I came home in a big crowd by three-quarters of a length over last season's champion, Seattle. I'll be a \$100,000 (150) upon two previous on a 100-point in the 1981 World Cup race on Lake Michigan. He lost and lost 100:04.19. Dallas State's crew of this year's North, who suffered a broken leg in the 1980's only crash.

MOTOR SPORTS GRAHAM HILL at England drove his BMW to victory in the final Prix of Grand Prix of the Northampton, winning the 1981 season. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00.

SHOOTING WILLIAM B. KANASHPH JR. at Northampton, Mass. finished 1st in the 1981 season. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00.

SWIMMING—AMERICA'S OLYMPIAN, needing only a 100-point in the 1981 season. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00.

SWIMMING—AMERICA'S OLYMPIAN, needing only a 100-point in the 1981 season. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00.

TENNIS—MEXICO, playing in Mexico City, before a crowd that reached 100,000, defeated the U.S. in the Davis Cup American Cup match. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00.

MARGARET SMITH, American and French champion, won the 1981 season. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00.

MICK RYAN, 17, of Miami Beach, Fla. won the 1981 season. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00.

MILWAUKEE—DEED MORRIS AND PATTERSON, 12, a Canadian in his first year of the U.S. Junior Championship by defeating junior high school teammate Jim Sullivan 4 and 3 in the final four-stroke match. McKinnon's club coach in Aurora, Ontario, Woods, Mich.

MILWAUKEE—DEED MORRIS AND PATTERSON, 12, a Canadian in his first year of the U.S. Junior Championship by defeating junior high school teammate Jim Sullivan 4 and 3 in the final four-stroke match. McKinnon's club coach in Aurora, Ontario, Woods, Mich.

MILWAUKEE—DEED MORRIS AND PATTERSON, 12, a Canadian in his first year of the U.S. Junior Championship by defeating junior high school teammate Jim Sullivan 4 and 3 in the final four-stroke match. McKinnon's club coach in Aurora, Ontario, Woods, Mich.

MILWAUKEE—DEED MORRIS AND PATTERSON, 12, a Canadian in his first year of the U.S. Junior Championship by defeating junior high school teammate Jim Sullivan 4 and 3 in the final four-stroke match. McKinnon's club coach in Aurora, Ontario, Woods, Mich.

MILWAUKEE—DEED MORRIS AND PATTERSON, 12, a Canadian in his first year of the U.S. Junior Championship by defeating junior high school teammate Jim Sullivan 4 and 3 in the final four-stroke match. McKinnon's club coach in Aurora, Ontario, Woods, Mich.

MILWAUKEE—DEED MORRIS AND PATTERSON, 12, a Canadian in his first year of the U.S. Junior Championship by defeating junior high school teammate Jim Sullivan 4 and 3 in the final four-stroke match. McKinnon's club coach in Aurora, Ontario, Woods, Mich.

MILWAUKEE—DEED MORRIS AND PATTERSON, 12, a Canadian in his first year of the U.S. Junior Championship by defeating junior high school teammate Jim Sullivan 4 and 3 in the final four-stroke match. McKinnon's club coach in Aurora, Ontario, Woods, Mich.

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOHN D. RYAN, JR., 40, of Seattle, Wash., won the 1981 season. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00. He finished 25.1 seconds, 2.5 times faster, and 44.1 seconds and averaging a 100:00.00.



FRANCINE FOX, 15, won the women's 500-meter kayak singles in the National Canoe Racing Championships on the Potomac. The victory made her the sports' youngest national champion and helped the Washington D.C.'s Canoe Club to its fourth straight title.



JOHN HARWICH, 29, publicist director of Waynesburg (Pa.) College, quickly stopped his way to victory in the Junior AAU 1000-meter walk in 3 hours 5 minutes, 50 seconds. John, who walks as a hobby, paced 100 miles preparing for the race in Waynesburg.



DAVID MANN, 14, of Valparaiso, Ind. cooly won his first downhill through five heats to defeat a record held of 182 boys and won the 25th All-American Soap Box Derby in Akron. David finished the last heat in 27.8 seconds to win a \$7,900 college scholarship.



ABIGAIL HOFFMAN, 15, one of the defense star of a Toronto boys' hockey team, left the ice and joined the girls to clip 18 seconds off the Quebec open track record and win the women's 1980-81 title in 2:15.4 at the Eastern Canada meet in St. Lambert, Quebec.



GARY ROBERTS, 15, of Lenoirville, Ohio won 12 straight and took his second consecutive national title in the World Horsemen Championships, in Columbus, Ohio. He set two junior world records by setting 66 fingers out at 80 paces, once hitting 16 in a row.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-17

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by FRANK DEFORD

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Vic Power of **Minnesota** came out to hit in a dirty uniform and Plate Umpire Sam Carrigan made him go back and slip into something fresher. Returning cleanly attired five minutes later, Power got a bunt single. Pitcher Dave Stenhouse also learned a lesson about sanitation—that if you must be unclean, at least be tight-lipped about it. At the All-Star Game, in the spirit of temporary camaraderie, **Washington's** Stenhouse had told Manager Ralph Houk that he used pine tar, a sort of sticky spit, on his hands. Two days later, Stenhouse was facing Houk's regular team, and right away the Yankee manager squealed to the ump, who promptly made Stenhouse go wash his hands. New York drew the biggest professional sports crowd ever to assemble in the District of Columbia, and so many kids took to running onto the field that the Senators almost lost by forfeit. Then they lost anyway. Earlier in the week, in Yankee Stadium, Roger Maris had thrown a golf ball back into the friendly right-field stands whence it had come. Such a lack of golfing etiquette may be excused, however, because, unlike Arnold Palmer's, Maris' army is around him. Mickey Mantle's knee acted up again, but Hector Lopez continued to pick up the slack (.429), providing Houk with the ah-ho-gee-wha problem of having Tony Kubek back from the Army with no place to play him. Mel McGaha of **Cleveland** should have such worries. With five more losses, his team was down to .500 after a 6-19 swoon since that day a mere month ago when it led the league. Dick Dostovan picked up two of the three Indian wins, and somebody else broke into the clubhouse and picked up a bunch of gloves, three of them Shortstop Wendell Hild's. The cops are out looking for a budding infidelier. **Baltimore** scouts were faced with the tougher job of tracking down a virus that felled a few of the players and, worse yet, the team trainer too. A healthy .458 week by Brooks Robinson was about all that kept Ben Casey off the Oriole payroll. **Los Angeles** (4-4) dropped to third as Ken McBride lost his bid for his 11th straight. Forty-year-old Art Fowler won one and helped save three others in relief. For **Chicago** Juan Pizarro split a doubleheader all by himself with the Yanks. You never knew how Detroit would go, either. The Tigers won one game with three runs in the ninth after two were out and nobody on. They lost another

when a sure double hit an umpire and turned into an out. **Kansas City**—its injury total at 68 for the year now—split six with better pitching. But in one doubleheader the staff gave up almost half a mile in walks, hits and subsequent further movement around the bases. And then there's **Boston**, eighth place or not, the Red Sox certainly have had their moments. After 28 starts by the pitching staff without a complete game, Bill Monbouquette no-hit the White Sox, giving but a lone walk, thus adequately satisfying Manager Mike Higgins' humble pre-game wish. "I hope he can finish what he starts."

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Though they may well be "the worst team ever to play baseball," the **Mets** (see page 22) won a doubleheader. A twin bill. The **Mets** Won. Of course, they had to do it in their own fashion, which was to take 23 innings and more than seven hours, but then, all week **New York** did things its own special way. In the three games before The Doubleheader the team scored 19 runs—15 in a row on homers—and lost them all. Completely wasted was Frank Thomas' record-tying two HRs in each of three straight games. The team that lost to the Mets was nobody but the NL champions from Cincinnati, who look only like champion homebodies this year. At Crosley Field the Reds are 40-15, everywhere else 23-30. Things were hardly better with second-place **San Francisco**. A 2-3 week dropped the



CHICAGO'S WEEK saw Cubs' George Altman beat Giants with a home run and Sox' Charley Maxwell hit three more homers on Sunday.

Giants five games back, and when lovely **Chicago** beat them, a sarcastic local headline read: "Giants Nearly Beat Cubs." **Chicago** was paced by the .409 hitting of Billy Williams and by the continued spotless fielding of Ken Hubbs, who has now gone 47 games without an error. Eleven more and he breaks Red Schoendienst's NL record for second basemen. With a 2-3 week **Pittsburgh** hardly ended its collapse. The majors' leading hitter, Smokey Burgess, led the losing way with 476 and two HRs, receiving some help from subs Howie Gos (333, 4 RBIs) and Jim Marshall (5 for 8) when they got a chance. **Milwaukee** cooled off to 3-3, and, unbelievably, Warren Spahn came down with the first sore arm of his career. **Houston** won an improved 3-3, and still changing its roster. Among the latest additions is a young outfielder named Ron Davis, who is valued so highly by the Colts that they had put a minor league franchise in Durham, N.C.—where he was attending Duke—just to accommodate him. There hasn't been an NL no-hitter in St. Louis since 1924, and Ray Washburn lost his try for one in the seventh inning. Still, he held on for a four-hit shutout, his second win of the week, as Minnie Minoso came back to the starting lineup and the Cards posted a 4-2 mark. **Philadelphia** was 3-2 in the National League, but 0-1 against Class A opposition. Their Wallamport farm beat them 5-1. Not only that, but pitching ace Art Mahaffey was bombed at his All-Star appearance. On his next regular turn he came back to win his 15th and hit a grand slam home run. **Los Angeles** kept rolling, doing various interesting things in the process. Don Drysdale won his 20th, and Maury Wills stole his 54th—stealing home for the first time in his major league career. They gave Leo Durocher a rubber mat so he wouldn't erase the chalk third-base coaching lines, as is his custom, and the fans were queuing up for seats way out in right field just to be near darning Frank Howard. Johnny Podres, attired in Sandy Koufax' sweatshirt, won his fourth straight game, and vowed the injured Koufax would not get his sweatshirt back. The way the rest of the Dodgers were going, a sweatshirt was all of Sandy Koufax that they needed. **END**

PITCHING—BEST & WORST

		Most Wins	Pct Club Wins	Most Losses	Pct Club Losses	
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
NY	Terry	15	23%	Terry	6	23%
Minn	Peacock	15	25%	Kauf	9	19%
LA	McBride	11	18%	Davet	8	17%
Balt	Pappert	10	38%	Tschade	12	25%
Clev	Dostovan	15	28%	Pepp	9	17%
Chi	2 with	10	19%	Pizarro	11	20%
Det	Burman	11	27%	Morris	11	20%
Bos	2 with	9	10%	Schwab	11	18%
KC	4 with	8	17%	Rakow	12	19%
Wash	Stenhouse	10	24%	Donats	12	19%
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
LA	Drysdale	23	37%	2 with	7	19%
ST	Sartorel	14	20%	0 with	10	24%
Chi	2 with	16	25%	0 with	11	24%
Pitt	Fennel	12	19%	Fennel	10	22%
SF	Garcia	13	21%	Jackson	9	18%
Wg	Shaw	12	31%	Spahn	11	21%
Phl	Mahaffey	15	29%	2 with	9	15%
Hous	Farell	8	21%	Farell	12	19%
Chi	Roscoe	9	23%	Dunsmut	15	22%
NY	Neck	7	23%	Grog	12	22%

Based statistics through Saturday, August 4

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GARY ALSO PLAYED

Sirs:

I was really "teed off" by your article on the PGA tournament (*The Trouble with Leading an Arm*, July 30). Of the 27 paragraphs, exactly one was devoted to Gary Player, the winner. Mr. Palmer is a wonderful golfer and gentleman, but I was sick of hearing about him.

For anyone who watched the final round of this "dull" tournament, it was the tremendous drive put on by Bob Goalby and the great heart displayed by Gary Player that provided the PGA with its extremely exciting and dramatic close.

SUSAN SCHIEL

Belleville, Ill.

Sirs:

Arnold Palmer's Army wasn't really the story of the PGA. You related the obvious—the throngs following a dynamic star. But you failed.

1) to find any drama in Gary Player's achievement in winning the second of the three most important tournaments in our country (after being eliminated from the final 36 holes at Troon a week before);

2) to mention that Palmer was probably "burned out" after winning the British Open;

3) to comment on what may become an important innovation in golf—that of spectator stands which were introduced at Aronimink.

EDWARD J. HALLIGAN

Ridgefield, N.J.

Sirs:

When a giant arises in any field there are usually two types of reaction. There are those who wish to take an easy way out by thinking, "It isn't fair for one to dominate for so long." Then there are those who are resolved to go out there and beat him. It is this latter kind of determination that seems to have put Arnold Palmer on top. Even when he was completely out of contention in the PGA, Palmer thought he could shoot a 62 and win. The fact that he failed means only one thing—he'll probably be more determined than ever in his next tournament. Palmer is still the champion.

ROBERT REYNOLDS

Hagerstown, Md.

THE VIGOR WE HAVE

Sirs:

I received your July 16 issue containing *The Vigor We Need* by President Kennedy at

the same time that we here in Peoria were preparing a welcome-home celebration for Miss Susan Mary Haynes, who was recently designated Miss Physical Fitness for 1962 at the Dance Educators Convention in New York.

Susan, now a 15-year-old high school cheerleader and acrobatic dancer, was handicapped as a small child by a bone disease in her legs and originally her parents



SUSAN MARY HAYNES

provided her with dancing lessons for therapeutic purposes. Before her return to Peoria she had spent two or three weeks in New York giving demonstrations of fitness exercises. She is next scheduled to give similar demonstrations at the World's Fair in Seattle starting August 11. It occurred to me these events nicely complement President Kennedy's program.

ROBERT G. DAY
MAYOR

Peoria, Ill.

Sirs:

"The vigor we need" we already have! The return of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet further convinced me of this (*Whirling Success for the U.S.*, July 30). I sincerely believe that we have a great potential as leaders in both the women's and the men's events—and I

mean all of them. The talents of our women remain faithfully untapped. Men have the chance to develop skills in track, while most girls don't even know what a javelin is. We girls, excluding swimmers, are neglected.

Give the girls a break. Find out how good we can be if we try.

LIZ BRYMAN

Summit, N.J.

Sirs:

Just to satisfy my curiosity, I checked over the results of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet and compared them with your predictions of July 16 (*U.S. and U.S.S.R. About-face*). And the accuracy of your forecast was truly amazing.

Not counting the 10,000-meter run (in which Belomikov, the winner, was not entered in your predictions) and the 5,000-meter run (in which Max Truex, whom you favored, did not enter), you picked winners 29 times. The only race you guessed wrong was the men's steeplechase. This comes out to be a winning average of .987.

DAN EDDY

Silver Spring, Md.

IN THE FIRE

Sirs:

After working myself into exhaustion remodeling my Fire Island house this spring, I now return to find Robert Moses sneaking along behind one of his the-whole-world-will-be-happier-when-paved-solid ideas. This one is to cap some necessary dome rebuilding with a totally unnecessary—more, destructive—highway. As one resident of Fire Island asked, "Are you going to put a 300-foot-wide road down my 400-foot-wide community?"

The best coverage the matter has had in the press anywhere was Arthur Braley's article (*Fire on the Island*, July 23). In fact, I'm sending a few copies to New York Congressmen and Assemblymen as representing my own sentiments.

VIRGINIA B. MOORE

Southold, N.Y.

IN THE SADDLE?

Sirs:

I think Gerald was in a "Holland-dare" when he wrote a sympathetic dream for Calvin R. Griffith. (*Aboard that Monocle Cammerhall*, July 30.)

If poor Griffith had nightmares when he operated the old Washington Senators, he deserved them. What eighth-place team

continued



Fun To Fly AND SO PRACTICAL!

"Most practical sport in the world". That's the best way to describe flying your own Piper.

It's a sport that never ceases to fascinate. It's practical because flying for business or pleasure means faster, more convenient travel direct to your destination on your own schedule.

NOW! SPECIAL
INTRODUCTORY
FLIGHT LESSON FOR ONLY

\$5

You can try flying yourself—handle the controls, make turns, climbs, glides—during this special introductory flight lesson being offered by your nearby Piper dealer. With an experienced, government-rated instructor at your side, you'll see for yourself how easy and how much fun flying can be.

You'll fly in the newest, most modern, all-metal, low wing Piper Cherokee or the nimble Piper Colt, sport-trainer that sells for only \$4995—both famed for flying ease and Piper flight safety features. Of course, there's no obligation.



**FREE
PILOT
LOG BOOK**

with your first flight lesson

Why not try it today—or on this weekend? Just call your Piper dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages) or drop out at the airport. You'll be most welcome.

PIPER



AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Lock Haven, Pa. 85

- ☐ Please send name of nearest Piper dealer
- ☐ Please send Flight Facts Kit including catalog of all Piper planes.

Name _____
Address _____

**MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPER
THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD**

19TH HOLE — continues —

wouldn't have "difficulty drawing fans across the street" if they had been dwelling in the inky American League basement as long as our Senators had, and the owner dealing off every good player that came along?

The Twins are hanging in there this season fine. They're riding high. The fans are pouring into Griffith's park—from Sackvilleman to Devils Lake. Swell, Mr. Hollander. Great. More power to the team. But don't ever feel sorry for Calvin G.'s "hard times" in Washington. We gave him much more than he ever deserved. And someday, when his Twins have been Adam's apple deep in 10th or even down in eighth place for a few years, that grand man of baseball will be lucky if he draws flies across the street.

WILLIAM W. MILLER

Bowie, Md.

Sirs:

All hands here in Devils Lake got a big bang out of Gerald Holland's story about our excursion to the Minnesota Twins' three-game series with the Yankees.

The latest reaction came this morning when our co-organizer, Bert Wick, told me he had a call from Bill Weaver, sportscauser for WDAY-TV, Fargo, N. Dak. Bill said the Wahpeton (N. Dak.) boys consumed 500 cans of beer as against the mere 460 cans used by the more temperate Devils Lake bunch. And so the laughs go on. Many thanks.

MAG HAUGNER

Devils Lake, N. Dak.

Sirs:

Gerald Holland's article was a classic. He certainly demonstrated a most delicious feel for the mores of the midwestern small town. Being a product of that society, as well as a hack writer, I never realized how stylized the existence until I read Holland's impressions. Great!

CLANCY IMBLUND

Los Angeles

CASH FOR THE HALL

Sirs:

We were astounded to read in SCORECARD (July 2) the following statement:

"American Football League players will not be eligible for the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Reason: the National Football League is paying much of the \$500,000 it will take to establish the hall at Canton, Ohio."

I was the co-chairman of the fund-raising committee (which raised, through public subscription, \$399,640) and presently serve as a director of the Professional Football Hall of Fame. Contrary to your statement, the National Football League and its members contributed a total of \$13,000,

which constitutes approximately 3% of the amount subscribed. No contribution from any league member exceeded \$1,000.

R. E. LILLY

Canton, Ohio

● The American Football League has not been asked to participate either in the planning or the financing of the Pro Hall of Fame. Although the NFL has been active in promoting the new Hall, Reader Lilly is correct on the sum contributed.—ED.

PERM STOCK IS STEADY

Sirs:

In your recent article regarding the Milwaukee Braves (*No More Joy in Beerland*, July 16) you mentioned the fact that Perini Corporation had cut its dividend in half.

If you will again check your source book, I think you'll find this is not so. Perini has not cut the dividend—it still remains 50¢ per year—12½¢ quarterly.

ALAN KENNEDY

Stamford, Conn.

BOXER'S WORD TO EVERYMAN

Sirs:

Gerald Aaron's article on Boxer Randy Sandy (*The Everyman of Boxing*, July 30) brought home to me again the sometime fatality of the punch-for-pay profession.

I write not as a crusader for the abolishment of boxing but as one who, 20 years ago, made a living at it.

The long uphill grind of training and conditioning, diet and exercise, sweat and liment—all of it—culminates only in the bunched fist against the jawbone. And a remotely possible moment of glory for some. But the downhill slide into oblivion is much faster than the uphill grind, and it is too late then for the moment of truth that must come when the fighter realizes he is through. The question "What do I do now?" should have been asked much earlier, and of the boxer himself.

If he knows nothing but boxing, there is little he can do. There are lessons to be learned from every punch—lessons that have nothing to do with boxing. A boy becomes a man quickly in the ring—and a man grows old quickly when he takes a punch to the head. There are lessons to be learned from the Beau Jacks and the Johnny Saxtons—knowledge to be stored away for a better time and a better place.

There is no way these lessons can be made mandatory for the strong young men who will not always be winners. The solution lies with the Everyman of boxing himself. It consists of some good profound thought about the future before it becomes the past. The Everyman of boxing should realize that he owes himself something more than a punch in the head.

WAYNE HYUN

Washington



Orlon® acrylic jumpsuit, pants \$19.95. Sweater \$12.95. Matching pants \$12.95.

LIVES, PACKS, GOES!™ ORLON® IN THE WEEKEND PLAID

WICK WINTER's new after-game pleasure. With the durable, wrinkle-resistant Orlon® acrylic. You'll love the way the Orlon® endures, the wash-as-you-wish Orlon® plaid. \$19.95. Sweater \$12.95. Matching pants \$12.95. About \$10. At these fine stores: H. C. Ranges, Inc., Appleton, Wis.; Macy's, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Gimbels, Pittsburgh; Saks Fifth Avenue.



PETER THOMAS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

© 1974 DuPont Company. All rights reserved. DuPont, Orlon, and the DuPont logo are registered trademarks of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company.



FULL KING-SIZE

Vacuum-cleaned tobacco
to smoke cool, burn slow,
taste noticeably richer

*Have a Commander...
welcome aboard*